New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LV · No. 1416 SATURDAY · 3 MAY 1958 NINEPENCE

★

Krushchev and Tito

a full analysis of the new phase in the struggle between Kremlin orthodoxy and Yugoslav heresy

★

Comments on the Week's News .. 554
Krushchev and Tito 557
London Diary. Critic 559
This England 560
War! Reginald Reynolds 560
Base Ingratitude? Dennis Potter .. 560
A Bird-House of Poets. Naomi Mitchison 562

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Opera in New York—II. Desmond Shawe-Taylor 564
Growing Up at Last. T. C. Worsley .. 565
Not So Modest. John Berger 566
From the Alert North. Tom Driberg .. 567
Accents and People. William Whitebait 568

CORRESPONDENCE

Dr John Rex, G. Mepner, Ronald Duncan, John Hughes, F. S. Scott, Peter Pitman, Tina Morduch, J. T. Anson .. 568

Books in General:
Bird-Happy. John Raymond .. 571
The Solitary Daffodil. I. A. Richards .. 572

REVIEWS

New Novels. V. S. Naipaul 572
Man Clothed. Raymond Postgate .. 573
New Verse. Edwin Muir 574
Freedom Fighters. David Marquand .. 574
Ornate But Absorbing. Maurice Collis 575
Detection. Ralph Partridge 576
The Long Knives. Richard Mayne .. 577
World Striptease. Gavin Maxwell .. 578
Week-end Competition 578
City Lights. Taurus 578
The Chess Board. Assiac 580
Week-end Cross-word. Set-square .. 582

Mr Cousins and Mr Macleod

MR FRANK COUSINS has almost bust himself these last six months trying to avoid a London bus strike. It seems to be inevitable after Mr Macleod's refusal last Wednesday to 'use his good offices' on the London Transport Executive that Londoners will be hitch-hiking to work next Monday. If then there is to be a strike, let it be clear where the fault lies. Once it is accepted that the London busmen are reasonably discontented with their existing maximum rate of £9 13s. 6d. a week and are entitled, like any other free workers, to bargain for improvements, it is difficult to see how they and their leaders could have shown more restraint.

This week's crisis has arisen not because of the merits or demerits of their claim, not because of a deadlock in free negotiation between the union and the employers, but because the transport industry is the front on which the government's carefully prepared assault on wages has been launched. The government offensive is in effect a pincer movement. On one flank, the Treasury has refused to underwrite wage increases in the nationalised industries, however just or reasonable. This makes it almost impossible for the unions to conclude any satisfactory bargain with the employers and forces them to turn to arbitration. At that point the other arm of the pincer closes. For the Minister of Labour, invoking the phoney 'objectivity' of the Cohen Report, has virtually instructed the arbitration courts to operate strictly within the limits of a government economic policy which is frankly rigged against the unions. This is the offensive against which Mr Cousins has been defending the busmen. It is a campaign in which Sir John Elliot and his colleagues on the London Transport Executive are the junior commanders: GHQ is at Number 10 Downing Street; and the objective is to make an example of the nationalised industries in order to encourage the rest of the industrial labour force in the disciplines of the wage freeze.

Mr Cousins has already shown himself a considerable tactician. This week's offer to London Transport that he would accept, under protest, the total amount of money proposed by the arbitration court, provided it was shared differently among his members, put the onus of decision on the government—especially when Mr Cousins appealed to Mr Macleod to support it. The government squeeze on wages and employment, which springs from the deep wells of Tory philosophy, has been sold to the public as part of the battle against inflation; and many well-intentioned people have swallowed the general proposition that a wage freeze is essential if the cost of living is to be stabilised. But how can the cost of living be involved in the decision whether the million pounds which is available in any case for the busmen should be divided among the central London crews at the rate of 8s. 6d. a week or among all London busmen at the rate of 6s. 6d? The difference mattered a great deal to Mr Cousins. He was willing to risk his reputation on an offer which many of his own men disliked rather than accept an award which was calculated to split the busmen and aggravate the problem of differentials with which the industry is already bedevilled. But the almost contemptuous manner in which first Sir John Elliot and then Mr Macleod brushed him aside sounded very much like a declaration of war.

Is this what the government really means? A deliberately provoked showdown with the most militant section of the most powerful of all unions is a decision of most profound consequence. If the Treasury had been ready to make some relaxation in the restrictive policies of the last two years, Mr Macleod could have found a way to settle the dispute without loss of face. The fact that the government has apparently decided to make this a *casus belli* suggests that ministers are finally committed to follow the classic Tory doctrine of balancing the economy at the expense of wages and full employment.

Mr Cousins has done his best to square the reasonable demands of his men with the convenience of the public. It is not his fault that a simple wage claim has become a crucial political issue. If he now has to go isolated and unpopular into an unnecessary and perhaps ineffectual strike, it must be clearly understood that the decision is the government's. The implications of that decision will constitute a personal warning to every trade unionist in Britain.

Comments on the Week's News

One at a Time

The Soviet Union still seems to desire a Summit meeting; at least it is making the 'conversations preliminary to the convening of a Summit conference' its grounds for refusing to accept the US proposal for a Security Council plan to control bomber flights over the Arctic. The US has scored a propaganda success by this new variant of the 'open-skies' proposal, but the President cannot seriously have expected the Russians to accept a scheme which, in its present form, would include a substantial part of Arctic Russia in the inspection zone, and very little US territory. The discussions in the Security Council, in short, are part of the side-play of negotiation about the form and timing of the Summit talks. So, too, are the arguments about the protocol of the ambassadorial meetings with Mr Gromyko in Moscow – a demonstration in which the Russians have come off best. A third element in this manœuvring for position is the question of nuclear tests. After the explosion of yet another British 'nuclear device', Mr Macmillan continues to insist that the British tests must go on. This week, however, powerful support for a cessation of tests came from a large and important group of British scientists. They ask, it is true, for international agreement on suspension, and many of them might not agree to unilateral action. For this reason, their statement of the dangers of nuclear tests is addressed to all governments and peoples. But, as Lord Russell points out in his covering letter to Mr Macmillan, many of those 'most qualified to judge' the dangers involved, feel 'a special responsibility to make these dangers known'. The appeal was not generally circulated: it was sent only to Fellows of the Royal Society of Science and of Medicine. It was signed by 69 Fellows and 93 Professors, and 456 of their colleagues.

The Role of the Socialists

Three weeks of the French government crisis have shown again that, in the present balance of forces in the Assembly, the Socialists are able to play the key role. No government can be formed without the participation or, at least, the favourable vote of M. Guy Mollet and his friends. After the failure of M. Bidault to form a right-wing coalition, there was some suggestion that the Socialists might press for a left-wing alternative. A government led by M. Mitterand or M. Mollet himself would easily get a majority if it drew on the 150 Communist votes by promising to follow a policy of peace in Algeria. But the present Socialist leadership has no desire for a solution of this kind. It prefers to remain in the coalition of 'national union'—and thus be the prisoner of the right – rather than depend on Communist support. M. René Pleven—violently denounced by Socialists a few years ago for his Indo-China failure and known still in the Palais Bourbon under the nickname of *le Duc de Dien-Bien-Phu*—can thus expect to get the Socialist vote next week. But M. Guy Mollet is aware that the majority of the rank and file of his party are tired and disappointed by the policy of national union, practised during the last two governments of M. Bourgès-Manoury and M. Felix Gaillard. He will not therefore press for Socialist participation in the cabinet of M. Pleven. He will suggest to the national council of the Socialists, which meets during the week-end, that the party support the new government without seeking places in it.

Dr Salazar's Election

Dr Salazar is holding a so-called presidential 'election' on 8 June. But the Portuguese liberals have already refused to nominate a candidate, having been unable to obtain any satisfactory answer to their demand for a free election. They have, however, the minor satisfaction of having obtained on this occasion a prompt reply from Dr Salazar to the letter in which they formulated their now customary demand. Curiously, an erstwhile leading supporter of Dr Salazar, General Humberto Delgado, still the Director of Civil Aviation, is standing as an independent candidate. He had based himself on a limited programme; an amnesty for political prisoners, reinstatement for people who have lost their jobs for political reasons, restoration of democracy and fresh general elections. Both the liberals and Dr Salazar's less obscurantist followers are likely to support him. The ruling clique, however, is determined to hold on, and the usual campaign of intimidating liberals began soon after last November's general election. This has been stepped up by a swingeing sentence of 18 years' imprisonment on charges of defamation which has now been imposed on Captain Galvao. Alongside this campaign in Portugal, comparable measures are being taken in Goa, where the nationalist leadership has been almost wiped out. On 8 March a special military court passed sentences of between 17 and 23 years' rigorous imprisonment on seven prominent nationalists on charges of complicity in the death of Corporal Barrato. In the preliminary investigation of these charges, 30 Goans were arrested in September 1956, four of them are believed to have been tortured to death in the Margao Prison and eight are still imprisoned.

Councils and Tenants

Despite the slight revision that Mr Brooke has now made in the Rent Act, it remains probable that a substantial number of tenants will be faced with eviction by the end of the year. What is to be done for them? This question has already begun to worry local authorities in the areas most affected – in London, for instance, the temporary accommodation at the disposal of the LCC would be quite inadequate. The Birmingham Corporation, which has been one of the most enlightened in the country in housing policy, has now decided in principle that it will seek to buy the houses of tenants threatened with eviction, and that if landlords refuse to sell it will use its powers of compulsory purchase. The Corporation has already acquired a stock of houses in Birmingham, and it has been buying empty houses at market value. Something over 100 houses have been bought in the last 18 months, and more could be acquired if necessary. In this way, provision could be made for the 560 families already expecting eviction in October – either by acquiring the houses in which they live, or by moving them to houses bought for the purpose. This is a sensible policy, proposed by the Labour majority and supported by the Conservative members of the Corporation. There is, however, one difficulty. The Minister would have to sanction compulsory purchase. It would be silly for Mr Brooke to refuse permission: he should be grateful to a council which is saving the tenants from the worst consequences of his Act. Indeed, he could encourage other councils to follow suit.

Apology to Subscribers

Last week some subscribers in the London area received their copies late. We apologise for this on behalf of the GPO, who we hope will do rather better this week.

Families in Trouble

A series of recommendations on family welfare and the future of the juvenile courts, over the signatures of Margery Fry, Madeleine Robinson, Eileen Younghusband, Mrs. Geoffrey Fisher, Dr John Bowlby and others must at any time command serious attention. *Families with Problems*, a pamphlet published by the Council for Children's Welfare (23 Tillingbourne Gardens, N3, 2s. 4d.) sets out the views of the Council and another group of informed persons led by the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury (the 'Fisher Group'). It is in fact the evidence they jointly gave to the Home Office committee at present examining the 'law relating to children and young persons' – the Ingleby Committee – upon whom it ought to have made a considerable impact. It bases its proposals on 'the odd circumstance that among all our wide and varied social services none exists to alleviate *family* distress, to prevent breakdown and to re-establish damaged *family* life', though this perhaps does rather less than justice to the extraordinary work of the Family Service Units. The suggestion of an integrated family welfare service is not new, but it has not before been argued with such cogency or from so impressive a background of experience and study. It is a proposal for a 'local authority family service, available to any family who desired to use its help, whether for straightforward information or advice or for long-term, skilled case-work with tangled family relationships'. This will attract criticism from voluntary agencies, some of which it would supplant; but it is probably the only way to rationalise the present position. With their consequential proposals for local parents' consultation committees, a raising of the 'criminal' age to the school-leaving age, and a family court to deal with every aspect of the family 'in contemplation of law', the signatories to this pamphlet have faced every implication of their own plan and produced a challenging blue-print.

Emergency in Malta

The tense situation in Malta is developing on lines clearly predictable. Once the British government had adamantly refused to modify its financial ultimatum and Mr Mintoff had expressed an equal determination to accept nothing less than his original demands, deadlock was ensured. As there is virtually no alternative political leadership, the resignation of Mintoff's government could be followed only by the Governor's direct rule. This was bound to result in emotional outbursts from Mintoff's supporters. The complete general strike of last Monday proves the solidarity of the Maltese working class behind Mintoff and shows that the General Workers' Union, in spite of its criticism of the Prime Minister last December, is now fully behind the policy of the Labour Party. On the other hand, it is interesting to note

that the Commissioner of Police was given the unanimous support of his force when he refused to obey Mr Mintoff's orders and insisted on using his own judgment about how order should be preserved. In view of the fact that the Commissioner was an appointee and friend of Mintoff, this devotion to police duty in such difficult circumstances is remarkable. Yet all these manœuvres solve precisely nothing. Sooner or later an election will have to be held and in present circumstances no one in Malta has any hope of defeating Mintoff. The Maltese people can hardly be expected to relish the idea of full 'independence' with the permanent economic hardship it would entail. At the same time another Maltese Labour government will presumably be unwilling to accept integration – the only sane solution to Malta's problem – on terms which differ very much from those which Mr Mintoff has already laid down. In the meantime, of course, the situation will have worsened through the rapidly waning support for integration in this country and the greatly increased reluctance of industrialists to establish businesses in such an obstreperous island. A new initiative is urgently needed from London, for the ties of friendship between Britain and Malta are becoming more dangerously stretched every day.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

Mikoyan's Visit

A Correspondent writes: Few people could have told some hours before his arrival that the First Deputy Premier of the USSR, Anastas Mikoyan, was about to pay a state visit to this provisional capital. The Soviet and West German flags had to be looked for. Nowhere did one see any special decorations, except for a very short while at the railway station. During the whole two-day visit it was the same. Few flags, no street crowds, only scores of security police wherever the Soviet delegation went or was likely to go. Never can a capital have been more economical in its welcome to an official guest.

Mikoyan was here to sign a trade and consular treaty – a step towards better understanding, if only a small one. But he was in fact a bit of an embarrassment to the authorities here. They were somewhat puzzled to know what to do with him after the signing ceremony was over. He was not interested in the conventional trip up the Rhine. (One could only take as apocryphal the story of Adenauer's suggestion that Mikoyan would be delighted to go over Cologne Cathedral, since he had once been a priest.) To arrange a tour of the Ruhr had its own special security risks. In the end, Mikoyan stayed 48 hours in Bonn, then went on to the Hanover Fair and to the Daimler-Benz Works in Stuttgart before leaving the Federal Republic altogether.

During that short period in Bonn, however, the Soviet Deputy Premier talked politics and he expressed his views so bluntly that they often sounded unpleasant to his hosts, even though he told them nothing they did not know about USSR policy towards West Germany. Here was the first important Soviet statesman to visit the Federal Republic, come in the first Soviet jet transport to land here, signing the first trade treaty, and then telling his hosts bluntly what the USSR expected of West Germany and indicating that they would get precious little in return. This was not Communist ideology: it was Soviet *Realpolitik*.

The Federal Republic should not accept atomic weapons nor permit atomic launching bases on its territory; it should accept the idea of a free zone in central Europe, and a non-aggression pact between the Nato and Warsaw Pact countries. There seemed to be no *quid pro quo* – except a questionable Soviet guarantee of no attack on this country in case of war. Reunification was dead: West and East Germans should get together and evolve a loose confederation, which the USSR would presumably accept. What about the directive of the Geneva Summit Conference of 1955 on free elections in East Germany? That was out of date as far as Mikoyan was concerned: developments since 1955 had made it worthless.

Whatever else may be deduced from this uncomfortable visit, it shows how little has been achieved by Adenauer's policy of 'negotiating from strength' with the USSR.

Jakarta

Junior Warlords

A Correspondent writes from Jakarta: The military defeat of the rebellious Sumatran colonels does not by a long chalk end Indonesia's main problem. While the western world has been looking under the Indonesian bed for Communism, the Indonesians do not have to look: they know the principal lurking menace of the moment. It is the young Indonesian major or colonel, setting himself up as warlord, junior grade. The West has been misled partly because the particular set of young officers who set themselves up in Sumatra had the backing of the right wing, pro-American Masjumi Party. And both the officers and the Masjumi have exaggerated their anti-Communist fervour in order to get American support against the Sukarno regime.

One scarcely has to set foot in Jakarta to feel the influence of the army. Military drivers hog the roads as if they own them. I passed the door of *Kengpo*, the largest Jakarta daily, to find it padlocked because it had trodden on one of the army's long toes. I found an old journalist friend in his second year of house detention because he had been courageous enough to buck the army. I asked an economist whether he could generalise on the movement of rice prices: he said he couldn't because each regional military commander followed his own lead in setting prices, taxes and controls of rice shipment.

If a warlord may be defined as a man who uses his military forces to control a portion of the country in line with his own ideas instead of that of a weak central government, these regional military commanders are, in effect, warlords. The Indonesian majors and colonels are perhaps only incipient warlords because neither they nor their troops are as professional as the warlords of China between 1915 and 1949. Moreover, many of them still retain certain traces of loyalty to the Jakarta government. Despite this, they show the classic symptoms of warlordism.

The most revealing clue to their attitude was the neutrality of Colonel Barlian, commander of southern Sumatra, whose failure to join the insurgents sealed their fate. Instead of joining them, as they expected, he helped them with oil and refrained from throwing his troops against them, as the central government desired. It is generally conceded that the reason he did not join the insurgents was his fear of the many Javanese contract labourers in his area, who are organised by the Communist-influenced trade union federation, and who might have come out against him. This careful calculation of his own interests rather than the national interest is typical of the warlord mentality.

It is a different matter, however, when these ambitious young military commanders usurp the right of the central government to control its foreign trade and foreign exchange earnings. Just a few areas of Indonesia, largely the islands of Sumatra and the Celebes, earn most of Indonesia's foreign exchange in the form of exports of copra, rubber, petroleum and other products. If a young commander can secure control of such an area he can easily finance his ambitions by coming to terms with the local exporters and importers or the Singapore exporters and importers, both of whom are almost sure to be Chinese.

In Singapore I learned how a merchant who had travelled to Sumatra with his eyes wide open for the main chance had been offered a thousand tons of rubber by a local commander at a reduced price. He naturally grabbed at it, paying in Straits dollars. When the cargo was delivered he found he had received not one but two thousand tons. He made an enormous profit, and the only real loser was the Indonesian government's foreign exchange reserve, already at a dangerously low level. Each area has its own quota of stories about how this warlord-supervised trade works. In the copra-exporting port of Menado, in the northern Celebes, I am told, the local commander insists on getting farm machinery for his copra. The result is that every useless bit of farm machinery accessible to tramp steamers seems to be finding its way to Menado. Junior officers are said to be equipping little private islands with all manner of luxuries available from Singapore as their cut on this trade. Some of them, too, have recently found a new zone of activity: as managers of estates whose previous Dutch managers left in the big exodus of Dutch citizens last winter, during the Indonesian campaign over West Irian. The introduction of army officers as estate managers was particularly significant because the Communist-influenced trade union federation, SOBSI, was urging the promotion of senior foremen to managerial posts. On some estates this social revolution actually got under way. But in most the arrival of officer-managers stopped it short. The discipline on the estates is much better now, according to some British managers, with the officers maintaining discipline and the unions, in the new situation, urging 'production for the country'. But there is some confusion in the minds of Western diplomats about the army's role. It is possible, for example, to read too much into the fact that the army in the Jakarta region is keeping a stricter control than ever on May Day demonstrations this year. It is vetting all speeches and insisting that whenever the 'Internationale' is sung, the nationalist 'West Irian Song' also be sung.

An Asian diplomat recently asked the Indonesian Communist leader, Aidit, whether he feared the army would be used against the Communists. He grinned and shook his head knowingly. He pointed out that in the last general election, when the army votes were counted after the rest, 25 per cent. of the other ranks proved to have voted Communist, just like the rest of the population. An attempt to use troops against

the Communists, unless the latter were themselves engaged in an insurrection, would almost certainly produce civil war inside the army.

Westminster

Strip-Tease

One now wonders whether the government's performance over the Finance Bill is symptomatic. Anyone outside the Cabinet knew that the Tory party as a whole would violently oppose retrospective legislation. When Mr Heathcoat Amory proposed, and his Cabinet colleagues accepted, such legislation, one assumed either that they alone did not know what their party's reaction would be or that they felt so strongly about dividend stripping that they were prepared to face the consequences.

Since the Chancellor has now given way, the latter explanation is wrong. Does this then mean that the Cabinet is isolated from opinion even in its own party? Or can it conceivably be true that our affairs are now being conducted with such a degree of carelessness that the implications of whatever is proposed are not thought out or even that the proposals themselves slip through the Cabinet unnoticed? Is the Prime Minister, who, as Chancellor during the Suez crisis, disregarded all Treasury business for three whole weeks, now so preoccupied in helping Mr Selwyn Lloyd with his homework, or so anxious to be received in audience by Lady Violet Bonham Carter, that he has no time for anything else?

There are signs that this may be the answer. For the retrospective legislation proposal was not the only one which appears to have slipped by. In addition the Budget seriously suggested, for the first time, a tax on the protective helmets worn by miners. This was a typical tidy Whitehall proposal. The Chancellor, as part of his tax concessions, wanted to reduce purchase tax on miners' caps from 10 per cent. to 5 per cent., and the tax on miners' belts from 30 per cent. to 5 per cent. also. But this would still leave an anomaly which that fellow Nabarro would be quick to spot. Why, the man was sure to ask, should belts and caps be taxed when helmets were tax free? One can imagine the chilly official smile as the tidy official mind ingeniously worked out the solution – which was to string all miners' clothing on the same line, not by removing the tax altogether but by imposing a new purchase tax on helmets.

Here, too, any politician, even one inside the Cabinet, could have told the officials that this fat-headed piece of bureaucracy would cause a row; and the row came forthwith when mining Labour MPs put down 17 questions in succession and considerably shook the Financial Secretary, Mr J. E. S. Simon, in the process. One suspected that this was the first time he had even heard of the proposal. The Chancellor duly gave way on this, too; and one is now left with the feeling that the government has ceased to function even as a political filter for the civil service and that the only thing which stands between the British people and government by officialdom is the House of Commons, which is still able to force the government into having first thoughts.

And now, in the coming months, the House will have to be more lynx-eyed than ever. For, as Mr Harold Wilson said this week, if legislation to catch tax dodgers is not to be retrospective – and, despite growing evidence to the contrary, I still do not feel that the opposition thinks it should – the House has got to make doubly sure that every conceivable loophole is stopped in the Finance Acts. This means that the committee stage of the present Finance Bill, already likely to run for weeks, may well run for months as each clause is subjected to line by line scrutiny.

But sitting through long summer nights and even into August would be a small price to pay if tax dodging could be seriously diminished without recourse to the kind of retrospective legislation which the Chancellor lately proposed. If the 'organised conspiracy' of accountants were still able to discover some hole unplugged, it would still be both possible, and fair, for the Chancellor, not in an ambiguous 'warning' but in an official announcement, to state that he would introduce legislation to block it forthwith and that the legislation when passed would date from the moment of the announcement. The only snag about that proposal is that, on present form, the government probably would not know that an unplugged hole had been discovered.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

Nothing Like News?

Although you might not think so from the newspapers (up to the time of writing the whole of the national press, so far as I have been able to discover, has ignored it) this week the fourth World Congress of the International Federation of Journalists has been held in London. The Federation, 'dedicated', in its own words, 'to the freedom of the press, which means freedom in the collection of information, freedom of opinion and comment and freedom in the dissemination of news, is now eight years old. In those eight years, as recent reports of the Commonwealth Press Union and of the International Press Institute have shown, all these freedoms have taken pretty hard knocks in various parts of the world – including, one has to record with regret, several Commonwealth countries and territories under British control. When it last reported on

'Hello Omaha. Hello Omaha. Hold everything—we've lost the Button!'

the matter, indeed, the International Press Institute had detailed evidence before it of attempts of varying severity to control or intimidate the press in 42 self-governing countries in what is loosely described as 'the free world.' And it reported that so far from opening out since the end of the war the freedom of the press has on the whole diminished over a large part of the world and has done so moreover in several countries democratic in tradition and with a long history of political freedom behind them.

No one can deny therefore that the International Federation of Journalists on which the journalist organisations of 19 countries are now represented has a worthy mission – or that it has its work cut out. I only wish it could find some way to make more noise in the world. Or for that matter even among journalists themselves.

For the most part British journalists feel that their freedom is not in any danger. Indeed the current public cry is not that it is too small, but that it is too great. But it is unwise for Fleet Street to be too proud and satisfied in its splendid isolation. There are more ways of killing a cat than one and more ways of diminishing the freedom of news than by official attack on it – including the efforts by top people, of which there have been several notable examples recently, to suggest that there are some subjects with which no right-thinking newspaper should concern itself – and that the determination to publish the news top people do not like cannot but stamp those who follow it as unworthy of the consideration of serious and respectable citizens.

The fact is that news is now becoming a decreasingly important element in a good deal of the popular press. Only the *Mail* and the *Telegraph* among the middle-circulation newspapers now seem to regard hard news coverage as their chief asset. The tabloids of course ceased to do so a long time ago. Recently the *Express* and the *Herald* in particular, and, to a much lesser extent, the *News Chronicle*, have, it would seem, begun to devote their energies more and more to produce daily magazines.

Whether in the long term this will prove a paying proposition remains to be seen. The fact that sales of the *Telegraph* and the *Mail* held up much the best after the last price increase suggests that the appetite for features, and particularly for those maddeningly bright gossip pages by young women with carefully cultivated gimmicks and typewriters oozing with 'personality' which are so much the rage at present, may in the end prove to have been much over-estimated. 'You cannot beat news in a newspaper'. So Arthur Christiansen used to adjure his staff in his daily bulletins as he drove the *Express* at a gallop to the 4,000,000. His idea of news was not everybody's – and certainly not always mine. But it proved a sound precept. It is a pity to see it outmoded.

The present fashion follows for good or ill: Fleet Street is a push-over for the American way of life. Those interested will find a first-rate account of just how far the American trend has now gone in an article in the current issue of *Encounter* by Charles Curran, who has an extensive experience of popular journalism in Fleet Street – he used once to be able to boast that he was the only Conservative to hold executive rank on the *Daily Mirror*. Mr Curran, who recently returned from a study of the American press, reports that in a great many American cities you will now find sub-editors and copy tasters neatly labelling the material that comes before them 'AOT'. This phrase – which means 'Any Old Time' – is 'becoming the occupational disease of American journalism'. And Curran reports that, to judge by his talks with them, 'American editors are, with some few exceptions, losing interest in hard news'.

Mr Curran puts this development down to three causes, all of which operate to some degree in this country although so far with less force than in the United States: monopoly, television and women. Monopoly, the closing down or telescoping of papers (there used to be 2,400 morning and evenings papers in the US, now there are approximately 1,800) has taken a heavy toll of the provincial press in Britain. In the US, he argues, it has now reached a stage where many editors, lacking the spur of competition, scarcely bother about news at all. They concentrate instead on the sort of feature, or feature news, which will give them a good rating with solid members of the community and therefore with advertisers. Television: Curran comments that to this the response of the American press (as it is to some extent that of the British press) is to leave aside all but the hottest news because radio and television can cover it with more actuality and immediacy and to concentrate instead on 'advice about everything from weaning to wallpaper' and – this above all – on personalities. Finally, the increasing dominance of the woman reader, because she is the big family spender and therefore the real draw to advertisers, is driving newspapers to concentrate on those things which the editors – with a good deal of experience – believe will attract women readers most. What are these things? Not politics, or social problems or even hard news. Women, it is claimed, are not interested in these. They want to read about personalities, particularly in the social, entertainment and television world, romance, sex – and, even in America, the British Royal Family. (Mr Curran reports an instruction by one Texas paper to its staff that there must be at least two stories about the British Royal Family every week.)

'There is nothing like news for a newspaper'. If American indications mean anything, and they usually tend to mean rather a lot these days, it begins to look as if we may soon be writing it in the past tense.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Krushchev and Tito

'IT would be tragic,' said President Tito in his closing speech to the Yugoslav Communist congress, 'if the steps which proved so damaging to the Communist movement in the past were to be repeated.' Though, in his earlier speech, he had given no ground before the new pressure from the Russians, and though Vice-president Rankovic had vehemently insisted that the Yugoslavs would not tolerate 'interference' in their affairs, Tito did not incite the congress to an extravagant gesture of defiance. On the contrary, he went out of his way to assure the Russians that 'we shall endeavour to provide no cause for reproaches that we are damaging the unity of the working-class movement', he has, indeed, postponed the formal endorsement of the document which evoked the sharp criticism from Moscow and led to the withdrawal of most of the fraternal delegations from the other Communist countries. This decision is significant, for the Draft Programme was the set piece of this congress, and its endorsement was originally planned to be the climax of its work.

Be that as it may, the draft of the document exists, and it reveals how great are the ideological differences between Belgrade and Moscow – differences which led to the schism of 1948, which were glossed over by the reconciliation of 1955, and which have now led to a new dispute. Whatever tactical concessions the Yugoslavs may now make, they have raised questions which challenge Soviet orthodoxy at a number of critical points: in their document, and in the criticism of it published in the Soviet journal *Kommunist*, we can read the heads of disagreement about contemporary Marxism, the confrontation of the 'revisionist' and the 'dogmatist'. For the Yugoslavs have defined their view of the world in an elaborate theoretical text which, some of them claim, is the first original Marxist work of its kind since Lenin wrote *State and Revolution*. Against this document the three authors of the *Kommunist* article – which was certainly approved by Krushchev – set the Declaration signed in Moscow last autumn by all the Communist parties in power, except the Yugoslavs. This is not a trivial dispute about formulations: it is a controversy which no one who seeks to understand or anticipate Soviet policy can ignore.

Consider, first, the Yugoslav programme. It analyses the world situation, the condition of the working-class and nationalist movements, the objectives of Yugoslav foreign policy, relations with the other Communist states, and the Yugoslav experience of 'Socialist construction'. Saying flatly that 'Marxist thought in the last few decades has not kept step with the advance of contemporary society' it proceeds to make revisions of Communist theory so striking that no one can be surprised at the vigour of the Soviet reaction.

The Yugoslavs do not subscribe to the view that the world can be neatly divided between the Communists and the rest. Aware of the differences between themselves and other Communist regimes, they can see the differences that exist within the non-Communist world. In fact, they argue that the trend towards state capitalism – which they see developing, for instance, in western democracies as well as in some of the emergent nations of Asia, Africa and South America – is evidence of progress: it is a sign that capitalism can answer some of its economic problems only by permitting the extension of state ownership and control, and that the working-class movement is powerful enough to force concessions upon it. 'The wave of state capitalist tendencies in the capitalist world,' the programme states, 'is the most obvious proof that mankind is indomitably moving into the era of Socialism through a variety of different roads. . . . There is only one Socialism – but the roads to it vary, the peoples of different countries choosing one or another road for diverse objective conditions and subjective reasons'. All roads will lead, that is, to the 'dictatorship of the proletariat', but the Yugoslavs construe this phrase as Marx intended. It may mean a revolutionary dictatorship, it may mean decisive control within a parliamentary regime: the only condition is that the interests of the working-class shall be the guiding principle of the system's political, economic and social policy. It follows that the Yugoslavs consider that the gains made by labour or social-nationalist movements within capitalism may be both genuine and substantial.

One result of state capitalism, however, is that it inflates the state apparatus and the attendant

bureaucracy. More: the Yugoslavs argue that in capitalist and Communist regimes alike the state machine becomes an independent social factor, which can rise above the classes which contend for its control or nominally control it. In capitalist democracies, the social-democrats carry through 'superficial or very limited reforms, primarily those which the very pressure of economic factors imposes upon the capitalist order'. But this inevitably enlarges the functions of the state at the expense of the working-class as well as the capitalists. 'The greater the equilibrium achieved in the political struggle between the bourgeoisie and the working-class for influence and positions in the system of state capitalism, the more independent become the functions of the bureaucracy.' In Communist countries, notably in the USSR, the growth of the centralised state power created the bureaucracy within which the 'cult of personality' was developed. (The document makes some interesting comments on the reasons for 'Stalin's dogmatic revision of Marxism'.) The Yugoslavs take Trotsky's theory of the bureaucracy one stage further, making it a characteristic of the modern industrial state and not merely of the Communist state. Just as 'bureaucratic-statism' becomes a serious problem in capitalist democracies, so in Socialist regimes in the transitional period it 'tends to deprive the economy of its internal motive forces, in the effort to prove that society cannot do without it . . . it leads perforce to greater centralisation of power, to an ever closer merging of the state and party apparatus . . . whereby they tend to become independent and impose themselves as a force over and above society'.

From this the Yugoslavs conclude that 'Socialist thinking should no longer be primarily concerned with questions relating to the overthrow of capitalism': its main concern should be with the internal contradictions of the transition and of the early stages of Socialism – questions such as bureaucracy, internal democracy, industrial planning and overcentralisation, which have been important for them and have largely shaped their own outlook. Since they are so concerned about the impact of 'bureaucratic-statism' – both within Russia and within Yugoslavia – they naturally devote much of this document to a 'Marxist-Leninist' cure for it, and this has led them to raise the question of the withering away of the state, to suggest ways in which this may be achieved, so that government 'on behalf' of the working-class becomes government 'by' the working-class.

This proposal leads to a long discussion of workers' councils and their political equivalent, 'the commune' – the two agencies to which the Yugoslavs propose to transfer many of the functions normally and previously exercised by state institutions. As the state withers away, it should become an apparatus of experts subordinated to elected self-governing bodies 'within which Communists should strive to keep the work and the decisions in harmony with the needs of the development of Socialism'. In short, the Communist party should wither away as the state withers.

This conception of the role of the Communist Party is very different from that held by Stalin – or by Krushchev. And the Yugoslavs strike directly at the orthodox view when they extend this revisionist conception beyond their own frontiers. They forcefully repudiate the view 'that Communist parties have a monopoly over every aspect of the movement of society towards Socialism, and that Socialism can only find its representatives in them and through them'. This, the Draft Programme says – and it is the text of the document that matters here more than the degree to which the Yugoslavs have yet applied their theory to their own conduct – 'is theoretically wrong and practically harmful', and it has led to serious mistakes and to the sectarian isolation of many Communist parties.

Here is the central issue in dispute between Moscow and Belgrade. For, again and again, the Yugoslavs attack the concept of the 'leading role' – the theory on which Soviet 'hegemony' over other Communist parties has been based. The fact that 'the working class of one or another country may, for a certain period of time, be the vanguard of the struggle for Socialism, or may dispose of greater material power, does not entitle it to a monopoly position in the Labour movement, least of all to monopoly in the sphere of ideology'. Recalling the differences that led to the break in 1948, and the difficulties that followed, the programme insists 'so long as marked differences in the level of economic development of specific countries create substantial differences between the position of the working people in each of these countries', it will be possible 'for a given people or a given state – in consequence of the hegemonic position it has acquired for one or another reason – to resort to one or another form of economic exploitation of the other country'. Despite the jargon, the meaning is clear. Yugoslavs fear that if they rejoin the 'Socialist camp' – that is the implication they read into the Soviet demand for 'multilateral' relations – they will have no means of defence against Soviet economic and political pressure in the name of 'proletarian internationalism'. The only means of preserving their special position is to insist upon 'equality . . . non-interference . . . bilateral relations between equals'.

This applies, of course, to foreign policy as much as to the relations between the party in Yugoslavia and the Soviet Communists. Since the Yugoslavs reject the 'two camp' theory in party affairs, they logically reject it in international politics. They do not see 'co-existence' as a passive relation between two blocs: in their view it implies a complex and active co-operation for specific purposes between different social systems – for peace, for economic development and mutual assistance – to be achieved either bilaterally or through the United Nations and its specialised agencies. They therefore criticise both the 'imperialist bloc' and the 'Soviet bloc' for trying to develop exclusive bloc alignments – the 'who-is-not-for-me-is-against-me' line – which hamper free political and economic contacts.

Though there is much else of interest in the Yugoslav document, these are the main points upon which the authors of the *Kommunist* article have seized as evidence of the Yugoslav deviation. It is interesting to contrast the difference in approach and in tone which a comparison of these two texts reveals. The Draft Programme is uneven in quality, tentative in many of its assessments, vague in a great many of its proposals. But the *Kommunist* article is dogmatic, written with the confidence of orthodoxy, self-righteous in its dismissal of error. It may make verbal concessions about 'certain shortcomings' of Soviet policy, but it argues in a self-satisfied manner that these 'have been resolutely done away with'. At one point, taking up the Yugoslav comment that, because 'an international forum' has set the seal of approval on a policy, it is not necessarily correct, *Kommunist* pompously states: 'History does not give any grounds to regard the decisions of the congresses of Communist parties as being incorrect' since 'they generalise the experience, the practice of the international labour movement'. And *Kommunist* goes on to warn the Yugoslavs that a party which concentrates on past mistakes and shortcomings (the authors do not explain how these could have occurred if 'generalised experience' is infallible), will falter from the true course, give a one-sided account of 'Socialist construction', and, by raising charges of 'ideological monopoly' and 'political hegemony' disrupt the unity of the Communist movement.

Where, according to the Russians, have the Yugoslavs gone wrong? First, they have misunderstood the world situation. When they say that the world is divided into two military blocs they should say that it is divided into two systems; they have failed to analyse the cause of tension. 'The danger to the cause of peace emanates from the capitalist monopolies, which have a vested interest in war, which dream of war'. The Yugoslav programme does not recognise this fact, but argues that the threat to peace comes from the existence of blocs, and thus puts 'the peaceful policy of the Socialist countries on a level with the aggressive policy of the ruling circles of the imperialist states'. *Kommunist*, therefore, objects to 'Yugoslav reproaches to both sides concerning the arms race'. Moreover, the main contradiction of the contemporary world is the acute struggle between 'the growing forces of Socialism and the obsolete forces of capitalism': it is 'wrong and harmful' for the Yugoslavs to insist that Socialists should no longer be primarily concerned with the 'overthrow' of capitalism but should concentrate on the 'contradictions of the transition to Socialism'.

How could the Yugoslavs reach such a misguided conclusion? The reason, say the authors of the *Kommunist* article, is that they have abandoned 'fundamental Marxist-Leninist principles'. When the Yugoslav programme describes state capitalism as a transitional society, when it insists that the state apparatus and the bureaucracy can rise above the class struggle, then it has lapsed in pseudo-Marxist gibberish. Such a view obliterates the 'class essence, the political character of the bourgeois state and distracts the attention of the proletariat from the historic task of the revolutionary conquest of power'. No, *Kommunist* says severely, nothing can really be changed short of a change in political power. Though the working-class may win tactical concessions, though the monopolists may find it expedient—and profitable – to let decaying industries be nationalised, there cannot be an 'evolutionary' change from capitalism to Socialism. The Yugoslavs have come to this erroneous view because they believe in 'the penetration of Socialist tendencies into the system of state capitalism' which create a transitional society which may 'represent either the last effort of capitalism for its preservation or the first step towards Socialism, or both at the same time'. Against this view – this is the nub of the argument between Communists and democratic Socialists – *Kommunist* argues the classical Leninist case: 'While the transition to Socialism may take place, according to specific conditions, either forcibly or peacefully, even the peaceful way is one form of revolutionary development'. It is, therefore, false for the Yugoslavs to contrast

NEXT WEEK

Paul Johnson

reports the findings of his special investigation into present conditions in Spain

Sir Gerald Barry

reports on the Brussels Exhibition

'revolutionary' and 'evolutionary' roads to Socialism.

Such a conception has led the Yugoslavs to renounce the 'leading role' of the Communist Party, to reduce the party to 'an ideological factor', and to make unprincipled accusations of 'bureaucracy, dogmatism, sectarianism' against other Communist parties. It has also led them to raise the withering away of the state 'as an immediate and primary task', neglecting Lenin's dictum that the state 'is necessary right up to the transition of victorious Socialism into complete Communism'. Here *Kommunist* scores a clever debating point. Arguing that the state cannot wither away while it is necessary for defence, for certain controls over labour and production, and for preserving national sovereignty, it asks how the Yugoslavs can talk of 'consolidating state independence' and the 'withering away of the state' in the same breath. Do they, or anyone else, suggest that the withering away of national frontiers is yet on the agenda? No. The withering away of the state cannot be decreed by an administrative process – it can only follow the disappearance of classes and the merger of nations: for politics is concerned with the relation of classes and of nations, and politics must continue even though state institutions are renamed or their functions transformed to other agencies, such as workers' councils and communes.

No wonder that, in the Soviet view, the Yugoslavs have become so obsessed by the wrong problems and that they consequently distort Soviet experience and Soviet policy. They have fallen prey to 'petty-bourgeois nationalism', and have deserted 'proletarian internationalism' for such slogans as 'equality and non-interference'. They have elevated their special situation into a general theory, and have failed to recognise that, 'in certain conditions proletarian internationalism demands the subordination of the interests of the proletarian struggle in one country to the interests of the struggle on a world-wide scale'. This, as a matter of fact, is the precise point on which the Yugoslavs differed from Stalin and continue to differ from Krushchev, and is the doctrine which they believe did immense damage to the Communist movement. They may reject it, but they certainly have not failed to recognise it for what it is.

This debate has profound implications, for others as well as for the Yugoslavs. For its most disturbing feature is the continuing Russian insistence that there is a discoverable orthodoxy, and that it can be discovered by the party which enjoys the 'leading role'. Once again, as under Stalin, Soviet ideologues have lapsed from Marxism into metaphysics – the belief that the historical process is embodied in the working class, that the interests of the working class are embodied in the Communist Party, and that the leaders of the Soviet Communist Party are the ultimate embodiment of this *Weltgeist*. Though the Yugoslavs may make mistakes of analysis or judgment, they have learnt from bitter experience – as have the 'revisionists' in Poland and elsewhere – what happens once the logic of this metaphysical argument is accepted. For all the 'errors and shortcomings' of Stalinism flow from it: this is the source of the 'cult of personality', the transformation of the democratic centralism of the party into the centralised despotism of the Stalinist state, the substitution of the secret police for the party. And while it passes unrecognised as the basic flaw in 'Marxist-Leninism' there is no guarantee that it will not lead to new 'errors and shortcomings'.

The dispute with the Yugoslavs in particular and the 'revisionists' in general reveals the dilemma in which this doctrine places Krushchev, or anyone who may succeed him and attempt to sustain the doctrine, just as it plagued Stalin. If the Yugoslav conception of 'different roads' is accepted – with all or some of the implications spelt out in the Draft Programme – that it disrupts the unity of the 'Socialist camp', weakens Soviet authority within the camp, and diminishes the role of the Communist Party both in the USSR and in the other countries where it is in power. Such 'disruption' may lead to the 'Polish solution', to the Hungarian crisis, or worse. On the other hand, to insist as Stalin did on rigid orthodoxy, upon the 'leading role' of the Soviet state within the camp and the 'leading role' of the Soviet Communist Party within the world Communist movement, and upon mechanical imitation of Soviet forms, may be to create dangerous strains and stresses.

Yet this is the choice between the rock and the whirlpool for Krushchev. At one moment he has to avoid the dangers of rigidity: the result can be seen at the 20th Congress, in the reconciliation with the Yugoslavs in 1955, in the hesitant removal of diehard Stalinists from the Soviet and satellite leaderships, in the grudging permission for Gomulka to try his way out of the Polish crisis. But the dangers of laxness are equally threatening. If the Yugoslavs continue to insist on their 'road', and on their right to have both a theory and a practice sharply at variance with Soviet orthodoxy, others may follow suit. If workers' councils are the way to secure industrial democracy in Yugoslavia, why not in Bulgaria or Russia? If Polish agriculture can get better results by abandoning forced collectivisation, why not try the same remedy in Rumania? The point need not be laboured: if Tito can be 're-educated', the challenge of 'revisionism' is so much the less.

London Diary

NEHRU'S proposal to take a holiday naturally recalls that a few years ago U Nu retired for half a year from active politics. But the comparison is misleading. Nu is one of a group of revolutionary leaders who were at college together, and who still, in spite of some frictions, work together as a governing team. So when Nu went on leave he knew that policy would not be greatly changed in his absence. But Nehru is a lonely figure. It would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to come back to politics after a substantial period of withdrawal, because the powerful people in the government, such as Pandit Pant and Morarji Desai, are not basically in agreement with the Socialist, secular society which Congress has nominally accepted under his leadership. But a 'holiday' in the sense of three months or so away from Delhi, or, better still, from India, Nehru could have and certainly should have. His last 'period of rest' was in gaol. He himself complains of feeling 'tired and stale' —which is not surprising after the colossal job he has done as Congress leader and as premier. A real holiday now, cut right away from his worries and pressures, would rejuvenate him. There is nothing wrong with him. He just needs a proper summer holiday like anyone else.

* * *

What really happened at St Helens? Most people have assumed that it was trade union opposition that kept Tom Driberg off the shortlist. Not at all. Some union leaders did object when Driberg was given the National Executive nomination. And there would have been more objections if anyone had proposed that the Executive should use its right to insist on his appearance before the selection conference. But the clue to the puzzle is not in the argument about whether St Helens should be 'a trade union seat'. We must look elsewhere – to the names of the six candidates which the local party executive chose to go before the selection meeting on Thursday evening. Three of them are local men – all Roman Catholics. I believe that two of the outsiders are also Catholics: the local newspaper reports that only Mr Spriggs, the railwaymen's nominee, states that he is a Protestant. I would not have been surprised to see two or three Catholics on the list. There is a large and very active Catholic minority in St Helens, and it is strongly represented in the local council and the Labour Party. But there is a growing feeling in the town – I quote a letter in the St Helens *Reporter* – that 'a small but highly organised clique, operating under the cloak of a particular religious belief, have been seeking to obtain control of the local Labour Party . . . one has only to peruse the appointments to various committees of the town council to see just how far things have gone. Now it appears that this same group have set their sights on the vacant parliamentary seat'. It is said that there is a Catholic majority on the party executive which did the short-listing, and that Catholic Action did some effective caucus work to ensure that the constitutional procedure worked in its interests.

* * *

I don't think we've heard the end of this affair. One of the short-listed candidates was Mr Austin Curran, of the Fire Brigades' Union, a very active Catholic politician in St Helens. It was touch and go whether he would be shortlisted because he had been suspended from membership of his union and therefore did not comply with the Labour Party's rule on candidates. However, Mr Curran produced the membership card of another union – the National Union of Public Employees – and so the National Executive gave him the all clear. Their readiness to do so seems to have been influenced by the belief that Mr Curran's difference with his union was over Hungary; the FBU executive, so the rumour ran, had approved the action of the USSR in Hungary; and it was agreed that no self-respecting trade unionist could be expected to sit down under that! However, I now learn, the union executive did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, on 1 November 1956 it passed a resolution, which, while not condemning Russia's action in Hungary in terms, none the less included a demand that 'the armed forces of the Soviet Union should be withdrawn from Hungary'. The real bone of contention between Mr Curran and his union leaders seems to have been over Suez. Whatever the political merits of this row, the fact remains that the union's annual conference endorsed his suspension. His admission to another union, therefore, while still in dispute with his own, is a violation of the Bridlington agreement. I shall be surprised if the FBU lets this pass.

* * *

It was mainly, I gather, a small group of neo-Trotskyist irreconcilables who were the noisiest hecklers at Aneurin Bevan's meeting last Sunday afternoon – greatly, of course, to the delight of the anti-Labour press. If they have any notion except to discredit the Labour Party leadership, I don't know what it is. There were also, of course, plenty of serious Labour supporters who are worried about Nye Bevan's position, and wanted the conference to do its real job of examining and criticising Labour's policy on

the H-bomb. Here I think the platform organisation was at fault. If the TUC spokesman holds forth for 20 minutes and Nye for nearly an hour, followed by 40 minutes' questions, there cannot be time for the critical speeches which should have, at a conference, the same time allotted to them as the platform speakers. Nye should have had an uninterrupted chance to explain why he thinks that for Britain to give up the bomb would disrupt our alliances, and the advocates of unilateral renunciation ought to be made to face the diplomatic consequences of their policy. The slogan-shouting could be left to public meetings.

* * *

Few people outside France yet realise how fast French administration is becoming totalitarian—though British press correspondents are feeling the pressure. One of the people who clearly did not realise it was the American Consul, who assumed that Mr Rediti, an American art critic, who was born in France, and has recently been living there, was a psychopath suffering from persecution mania when he reported that his phone was being persistently tapped and that he had been submitted to 10 hours' grilling by the French police. First he was accused of being a Communist spy because he had been to Algeria and knew Antonnia Valentin, who writes well-known biographies, and is now writing a life of Picasso. When the Communist charge was obviously absurd the police decided to say he was an American spy. The American Consul was only persuaded that a pukka American could really be treated in this way when Mr Rediti was awakened in his Paris flat in the morning by plain-clothes police who took him incommunicado to the Sûreté and handed him an expulsion order which compelled him to leave France at midnight on 12 March. He got no chance of appealing, and is now in England. Mr Rediti's politics are apparently liberal. He committed the crime of writing an article on the new generation of Muslim intellectuals and novelists which was published in *Preuves*, the French counterpart of *Encounter*. But there is worse to come. I am told he has also written for Jewish periodicals in Europe and America.

* * *

I see that Equity, in the person of its president, Mr Felix Aylmer, has now walked out of the British Council. This should start a fascinating controversy. The Marlowe Society's recordings of the Shakespeare plays, being mostly the work of amateurs, are certainly closing one small field of work to the professional actor; and I suppose the British Council, by sponsoring the enterprise, might be said to be making hard times harder for him. Equity has always watched this kind of thing very closely. I've known of trivial cases in which objections have been raised to writers broadcasting in their own dialogue scenes that *could* have been done by paid actors. But I think what has made Mr Aylmer resign from the Drama Advisory Committee of the British Council is a suggestion in the pamphlet issued with the records that professional actors cannot speak or act Shakespeare properly. Well, some of them were obviously thought good enough, because professionals are actually taking some of the principal parts; if you listen carefully you can identify them. *Are* the others better? I can foresee endless argument about whether the amateurish virtue of freshness outweighs the advantages of professional training.

* * *

At a nuclear bomb meeting at Cambridge on Friday night, Philip Toynbee made the simplest and most conclusive answer I have heard to the emotional people who say: 'I would rather England was obliterated than occupied by the Communists'. No country, said Toynbee, has suffered more in recent times from Soviet occupation than Hungary. 'What do you think would be the response from Hungarians if you asked them whether they would now prefer to have an H-bomb dropped on them?'

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Bottled beer is not affected by radioactivity—so long as you wipe the radioactive dust off the bottle.
Burton-on-Trent's brewers have been assured on this point by the Home Office.—*Daily Express*. (F. W. Belsham.)

I have been married eight years now and have a son of seven. My wife and I do not want a larger family. Consequently we have partaken of no acts of intimacy all these years and do not think our marriage has in any way lost by it.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian*. (D. R. Rees.)

Once again we are faced with a France which is without a government. These frequent crises could be solved by admitting France to the Commonwealth.
This may not seem such a scatter-brained idea as would first appear. France's membership of the Commonwealth would give her a sense of stability and security.—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (Robin McLaren.)

War!

'From now on it is war between me and Rainier.'—
Lady Docker.

The gloves are off and—Blimey! Cor!
The Dockers are declaring war—
What is it that enrages
These lady dockers? Tackle? Blocks?
Or cost of living in the docks?
Or just that, being on the rocks,
They fight for higher wages?

From Canvey Isle to Cannes and back
They've mobilised for their attack
And drowned the tittle-tattle;
Out, Malta! Let no space be filled
By mere Algerians being killed—
At last the genuine stuff is billed:
THE DOCKERS GO TO BATTLE!

The Primrose League was dining out
On Aylesbury duck (which followed trout)
All dressed up to the knockers;
They listened to a lot of gup
And then I'll bet they filled a cup
And drained the bumper, bottom up,
To God and Queen and Dockers.

Enough of Have-nots and of Haves
And Russian tiffs with Yugoslavs,
Of Fail-Safe and its deadlines,
Of Arabs who at Aden feel
The pressure of Achilles' heel
And sharpen up some borrowed steel—
The Dockers hit the headlines!

Let Cyprus stew—tell Adenauer
He goes too slow, and Eisenhower
He's missed it by a fraction;
While teeing off he hears a threat
And on his walkie-talkie set
He orders war. It's grand—and yet
The Dockers are in action!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Base Ingratitude?

'So you're another of these self-appointed experts on the working classes, with your boot firmly planted on the proletariat's pulse?' This was a deliberate provocation designed to revive a flagging Oxford party conversation, but despite the friendly and conventionally flippant manner, behind the banter lurked a vague irritation, probably reflecting that same specifically middle-class social discomfort that finds temporary relief in shy smiles at the dustman or window-cleaner.

'No. Not an expert.' Fractional, but calculated, pause—decorated with a deprecating smile, too much like an actor with a throw-away curtain line. 'Just one of them.' And then I felt a pang of guilt, for this was a typical example of how class is dramatised in Welfare State Oxford. The brevity and manner of delivery was an attempt to sound sincere, hard and effective, foreshadowing yet another highly coloured but profitless conversation in which I forced myself into dramatising the not so unusual circumstance of being a coalminer's son, whippet-fancying and bitter by descent as it were, set down among the dreaming spires.

The justifiably irritating public school voice spluttered into a justifiably irritated objection, shifting the exchange into the more prosaic plane of reality. 'Now look,' initial finger eagerly jabbing, 'simply by being a member of New College you cannot possibly be a member of the working classes, whoever *they* may be. You don't belong to any class.' Holding a waiting-to-be-filled glass that had contained sherry ('Do you prefer sweet or dry?' and I had answered with conscious assurance) there was nothing to do but agree.

'Well, in a way, yes, but. . .' and so on, making the carefully qualified withdrawal.

Perhaps I hunt it out, but there always seems to be a kind of tension, quiet and slow developing, that ripples beneath the surface of such conversations. Here at Oxford the social changes of the last decade have given us continual confrontations of the reality of division by class, in speech, habit and outlook. This worries many people. You can sense this at many of the dismally similar Oxford parties, where, before the room patterns into a peopled unity, you will find separate groups whirring round seemingly distinct poles, occasionally throwing off the single person or two, who, whether from shyness or exceptional confidence, spins from one cluster to another. Public conversations at Oxford almost always dwindle into the perpetual game of appearing as a person of some significance, the only solace for the creeping and endemic loneliness of the place. And class aggravates things: a whole generation is making claims, but it is not so easy to shout when muffled by what still appears to be a medieval establishment, even if it is garnished with cavalry twill and cut-glass accents. Shared education stops the place being the battleground of Teddy Boys and British Warms, for only one of these poles of social irresponsibility finds a home here, but you can still stumble upon tremendous differences of background and attitude, emphasised by the quivering sensibilities of the young.

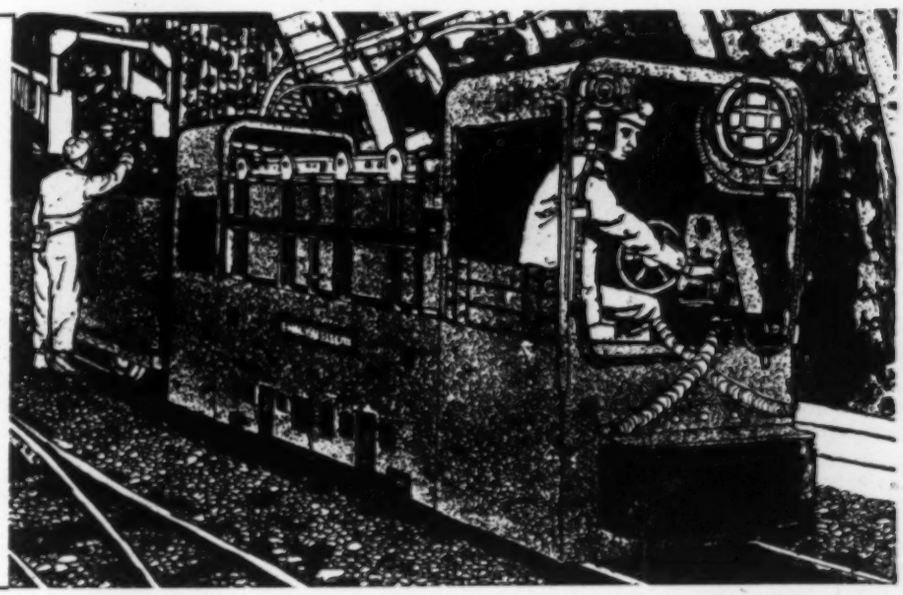
Paradoxically enough, these differences erupt in the most apparent and uncomfortable fashion in the University Labour Club, where a few observations might lead one to startling conclusions about the purpose and nature of the middle-class Socialism characteristic of the Labour Party leadership. The resultant small, but

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Atomic power is in the news, and people are rightly interested in projects like the new 500,000-kilowatt atomic power station at Hinkley Point, for which, as for so many of Britain's conventional power stations, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is supplying the generating plant and distribution equipment. None the less, 86 per cent of Britain's power still comes from coal, and the efficiency of British mines remains of vital national importance. Here also ENGLISH ELECTRIC contributes significantly, by supplying equipment for the mines themselves—such as the main winder drive at pit heads like this.

bringing you

Underground, too, where the coal is won, electricity plays its part in speeding production. Electrically powered cutters work faster than any human, and relieve skilled miners for work at difficult seams. Electrically powered conveyors send the coal to the main haulage ways, where it is loaded into tubs and taken to the pit shaft in special trains—hauled in this picture by an ENGLISH ELECTRIC battery-operated locomotive. Thus electricity brings better working conditions to people in the coal industry, and higher living standards to the population who benefit from the coal they produce.



better living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Marconi House, Strand, London W.C.2

definite measure of personal torment regarding class has, for me and others, added urgency and formulation to latent political or journalistic ambitions.

For me, at least, the vices of a hierarchical society such as the present one impinge in two distinct and contrasting ways. At home, my parents grew away as I grew up; not their fault or mine. The atmosphere and cohesion disintegrates only gradually, but inevitably. Fish and chips with vinegar, and public-bar benches, furnished with round tables that squat on warped-outwards iron legs erupting into moulded lions' heads, all now seen and sensed not, perhaps, as an outsider, but certainly as a visitor. By now, my father is forced to communicate with me, much of the time, with an edgy kind shyness, possibly tinged with contempt as well as admiration, rarely flashing into the real stuff except when one of us is angry or inebriated. Again, the allocation of radio time is a subject for negotiation, and the very fairness of the rest of the family on this is apt to make me feel unreasonable in switching from 'Life with the Lyons'. Sometimes I wish I left school at 15.

But at Oxford, too, events sometimes appear as unreal and take control. My closest friends at New College seem to take the undergraduate-scout relationship for granted, which is perhaps natural in the products of Eton, Rugby and Winchester. With the best will in the world, they have to quote from the *Uses of Literacy* in assessing communication with the working classes as such, and even on occasion irritate me, declassed as I am, without realising it (and no doubt vice-versa). What else could they do? Wearing a dirty shirt would be no answer. They are in a much worse position than I am: intelligent middle-class people must feel the evils of class more than the newly emancipated.

Both these environments have seemed to me to be quite manageable, so long as the occasional and inevitable discomforts are accepted and I did not brood over accumulated irritations or imaginary insults. A perhaps arrogant belief in my own abilities has been sufficient consolation for the necessary rootlessness. Life was just a series of distinct circles, revolving in their own field, and never quite touching except in the person of the social traveller, plodding across the muddy reaches of the English class-system. So long as I kept the circles apart, the dimensions of any problem were that much lessened.

Impossible, thank God. When I leave Oxford, I am going to get married to a girl from home, with exactly the same background as myself, the daughter of a man invalided out of the pit at which my father works, although she had her life determined differently at the age of 11, thanks to a criminally stupid education system. It is difficult to try to convey the new parameters of the problem without being misunderstood. When my girl first came up to Oxford to meet some of my friends, it was something of a strain for both, and almost with guilt only I could see how or why fully. She must have felt like I once felt as a private in the officers' mess. Personal kindness from them, and her own natural intelligence and vitality were sufficient to make me more comfortable than I had half-anticipated.

What is wrong about all this is that it should not be possible. A working-class undergraduate can accept the glint of subdued silver and mumbled Latin prayer in Hall, or conversation about the relative merits of two obscure European cities, and get to know the trappings of middle-class society. But he cannot stomach the two languages that sharply divide up the year, the torn loyalties and perpetual adjustments, the huge chasm between the classes. It has become trite to say that, once upon a long time ago, the worker had some access to the cultural life of the land, even if cramped by poverty. Now that he is materially much more prosperous he has no access to the valuable things in life except by removing himself from his own class – the gap has become wider in absolute terms. And at Oxford, people like myself have to listen to middle-class Socialists maintaining despondently that the workers *choose* Radio Luxembourg.

This is rubbish. It is equal rubbish to look at the problem of social democracy as the provision of a greater range of choice for all citizens, unless one also regards most decisions as being conditioned by the pseudo-scientists of the new Admass society – to widen the area of choice without narrowing the types of choice is a typical vice of a social democratic party led by the middle-classes. To us, the Labour Party is concerned only, as always, with bread when there is plenty of bread, and thinking that that is enough – a crude heresy all in a mood with the comfortable shuffle towards a new hierarchy, a new kind of right-wing society, where the people at the bottom will no longer have the consolation of knowing that they are there by accident rather than examination.

Naturally, I am a Socialist, and believe with all my heart and mind in the possibilities of Socialism – this has always been taken for granted. But as one from a working-class background, I also now believe, with others like me in the universities, that the first necessity for the Labour Party must be contempt for much that is labelled 'working-class'. Socialists who talk to excess about the virtues of the proletariat often appear to be liberals escaping the full implications of the class system, or fundamentalists whose spectacles steam over with emotion at the thought of their noble working-class backgrounds. The most important political and industrial battle that the workers have ever had is that of moving towards a proper 'use of literacy', and it is a struggle that becomes of unusual importance to the young Socialist – of what used to be described as 'humble origins'.

Small wonder we were miserable about Brighton, and are unhappy with the pin-striped Executive of the Labour Party, stinking as it does with the air of neat suburban houses and well-mannered conversation over garden fences. When are we going to get people who care whether the Welfare State by itself creates opportunities for an extension rather than a diminution of capitalist values? When are we going to get the practical attacks upon the whole glittering structure of Admass? Why the depressing diffidence towards the arts? Dignity means more than washing-machines and juke-boxes. It seems to us that the party we have been taught to venerate has turned into a new and powerful kind of Establishment, a little proud of its old snapshots, a little patronising about its beginnings, happy with its own orthodoxy and traditions, watching the cost-of-living index and imagining that in the process it is furthering the interests of the workers.

Petty, that's the word. Except that the very act of saying it seems to be the ingratitude of a miner's son at Oxford, and represents, somehow, some kind of betrayal. Or does it?

DENNIS POTTER

A Bird-House of Poets

THE Muse, always kind to her own, had arranged for the Lucknow hotel where I had supposed myself to have booked a room, to be full up and to profess itself never to have heard of me. I was rather cross and a bit dishevelled when an obvious university student, with the gayest of silk neck-ties, suggested that I should go to his house and stay with his parents. Had I been 40, or even 30 years younger, I should doubtless have prudently refused; but age has some compensations, and the Muse said: accept.

The young man, Syed, with that generous sense of hospitality which is so typically Indian, was already looking after a Swiss couple, also more or less stranded, though with a room for the night. They wanted to get some *chikan* work; the Swiss lady visualised it as looped curtains in a very modern room with light festival colours and metal furniture. I think she was right and her drawing room in Berne will not only remind her happily of a romantic evening in Lucknow, but will also be extremely chic. The Swiss, of course, make embroidered curtains, but they can be bought only by – well, I suppose the inevitable Americans.

The difficulty was that one sari would make two curtains; but she wanted four matching curtains, and there were no two matching saris at the shops. So Syed disappeared to confer with a friend and then took us along in the falling evening through narrow lanes past busy little shops, where, behind the flares, one saw shining materials being unfolded, shown off and measured. The delighted Swiss lady, looking from the shops to the fretted woodwork of the old balconies and the stars beginning to swing out over us, felt that this was really the Arabian nights. I was rather occupied in talking unaccustomed French and not falling out of the tonga – not that one ever does, but one always feels one is just going to. Nowadays most of us have lost all capacity for adjusting ourselves to the movements of ponies – or, for that matter, elephants or camels.

At last we came to a dark entrance, steps, a little courtyard and Rohini, the star of India, high above us. Here we would be able to see the best of *chikan* work; and surely, surely, there would be two matching saris. In no time we were surrounded by billows of the beautiful work, embroidery and appliqué, all in purest white or subtly showing through as a shadow of incredibly pale grey. We found table cloths, demanding a vice-regal dinner party, exquisitely formal, small tea cloths and tray cloths; but the difficulty of matching two saris! It must, I take it, be boring for the *chikan* workers to repeat the same pattern twice; they might as well be machines.

My Swiss lady's husband began to display a certain masculine impatience, but I felt I could dally over this exquisite work all night. What was the hurry anyway? The dealer produced a really wonderful sari, deeply and intricately embroidered but with several horrid little holes. This had been made for and worn by *la grande* Nargis, the Sarah Bernhardt of Indian film, in some part, and I am afraid she must have dropped cigarette ends like any western film star. However the holes were being very gradually but exquisitely darned into flowers. At last we found two saris whose ends matched; but one had Persian roses on the main body of the material, while the other was plain. However,

How a 19-company team puts paper to work for you

Have you ever thought what skill and experience are needed to produce the right wrapping papers for countless everyday uses . . . for protecting the parcels we pack, for attractively wrapping the commodities we buy and sell, for specialised industrial packaging? Whether it be brown or white or coloured, glazed or unglazed, printed or unprinted, each type of paper must combine the right qualities at the right price for a particular customer's requirements.

A vast range of wrapping papers is marketed by the Reed Paper Group—the 'go ahead' team of 19 major companies which is Britain's biggest manufacturer of paper and paperboard products for packaging, printing and building.

Collectively, these Reed companies can call upon unrivalled experience, skills and technical resources. In packaging, for example, their teamwork has made possible a complete, nation-wide service to industry. But each Reed company has *individuality* too — it freely takes the initiative in thinking and acting for itself *and for its customers*. Reed company representatives take pride in offering their clients flexible, personal, on-the-spot service.

"YOU profit from the initiative of each Company backed by the resources of the Group"

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD. (AYLESFORD, TOVIL AND BRIDGE MILLS) • THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD. • EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD. THE SUN PAPER MILL CO. LTD. • COLTHROP BOARD & PAPER MILLS LTD. • THE SOUTHERN PAPER STOCK CO. LTD. • E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD. REED PAPER SALES LTD. • REED CORRUGATED CASES LTD. • CONTAINERS LTD. • POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. • CROPPER & CO. LTD. CUT-OUTS (CARTONS) LTD. • PAPER CONVERTERS LTD. • MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD. • BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD. • REED FLONG LTD. THE KEY ENGINEERING CO. LTD. • HOLOPLAST LTD.

In association with Kimberly-Clark Ltd., makers of "Kleenex", "Kotex", "Delsey" and "Hi-Dri" products.

THE REED PAPER GROUP HEAD OFFICE: 105 PICCADILLY · LONDON · W.1

Reed PAPER GROUP

that could soon be put right; the plain sari would have the roses embroided on to it and sent on.

Now Syed took us back. The Swiss couple, with an enormous parcel of *chikam* work, were left at their hotel, and I found myself the guest of one of the most charming families I have yet met, even in this land of big and affectionate families. It began with one of the younger daughters singing MiraBai's *Krishna*, the gem of medieval mystic verse, in a beautiful modern setting. The family, incidentally, were Moslem, with a deep belief, founded on the Koran but not unhappily, universal in the Moslem world, that all religions were worthy of respect. I do not think this attitude was induced by being part of a Moslem minority in a principally Hindu nation; I just think they were naturally virtuous and upright people.

But this isn't all, said the Muse, for it turned out that all the members of that family over 18 – and perhaps the others – wrote poetry. In fact, when I had hesitated about accepting the invitation Syed had clinched it by saying: 'But my mother is a poet'. And this was how I had my first experience of the Urdu poetic tradition which so few visitors to India are fortunate enough to see and hear in action.

One of the most exciting things about India is the real interest in poetry and the respect paid to poets. There is a nest of Bengali poets in Calcutta, and it is the same with all the national languages. Whenever I went to an Indian PEN gathering and asked people what they wrote, they were certain to speak of their poems. No doubt the poetic forms are vastly different in Tamil and Malayalam and Gujerati, say; and possibly government offices in Delhi, which have to do everything in official Hindi, produce minutes and agenda in verse. People actually buy poetry books, too, just as we all did in Great Britain 40 years ago.

Yet perhaps Urdu poetic tradition is one of the most genuine and close to the mood of ordinary people's feelings, whether it expresses itself in the old phrases of formal love poetry or in the modern satire which can make a bureaucrat squirm or a crowd go into action. Syed, his sister, his father and I, all went to pay our homage to one of the most respected of Urdu poets, Jigar Moradabadi, ill in hospital, his great eyes and gentle mouth twisted with pain. Yet, hearing that I too followed the Muse, he insisted on giving me a basket of sweets and many kind words.

That evening there was a gathering of poets and I heard for the first time the extremely impressive chanted Urdu of poetic declamation, urged forward by the approbation of fellow poets. What fun it would be if this happened in London or Edinburgh! Two of the poets were extremely handsome young men, and their faces lighted up and their fingers stretched and quivered as they struck into the chant. One of them read a religious poem in Persian, which had been written out exquisitely in the most delicate handwriting by Jigar Moradabadi for Syed's father, who is, incidentally, a high-up civil servant. Between poetry we talked about land reform and how far Uttar Pradesh had got in the tricky business of consolidating the strip holdings which mean that a man's lands – often not more than a few square yards – are scattered all about the village arable.

His own poems were sad; I think he was engaged in writing a long philosophic poem for his coming retirement from the ICS. He did not repeat and chant musically as the younger ones did, and I think I got the skeleton of the verse form. With the others there seemed to be endless repetitions of one theme, and I can't think I got the full content of these poems from the translations which were given me. But can poetry ever be translated? Doesn't one always miss the heart when one loses the rhythms, the rhyme schemes and the alliterations? I was never really sure what Syed thought of the two visiting poets; perhaps, as everyone does, he was thinking how much better his own poems were. Or perhaps, being an exceptionally good and modest young man, he thought just the opposite. His sister sat silently, I thought critically.

Luckily I realised what my poetic duty must be, and had prodded the Muse during a hot afternoon eating guavas among the girl students in Lucknow University gardens. I felt I had, in honour of my hosts, to put in rather more similes than usual, for Urdu poetry seems to be stiff (and I think 'stiff' is what I really mean, and that's why it has to be sung) with elaborate and much-loved similes. Syed's father's poem had been full of caravans and wine cups. Mine began:

> Bird-house of poets under the green arms of a city
> Where bulbul and koel long have nested. . . .

I wasn't quite sure about the koels, though by now I had got to know the grey, handsome bulbuls. However, it passed. Lucky me, clever old Muse, to lead me to such a bird-house of poets in the administrative capital of Uttar Pradesh!

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

Opera in New York—II

THE housing of music in New York is about to undergo some radical changes. Next spring the Philharmonic's lease of Carnegie Hall expires, and the venerable building will be torn down to make way for an office block. The small Town Hall, equivalent to our Wigmore Hall, though temporarily reprieved the other day by Columbia University, is in constant danger of demolition. And the Metropolitan Opera has finally decided that it is time to say farewell to its historic and acoustically excellent, but highly inconvenient, old mansion on Broadway and 40th Street.

All this might have been more serious but for the prospect – it amounts to a certainty – that very soon music and the dramatic arts will be sumptuously housed in an entirely new location. A grandiose plan is under way for the creation of a 'Lincoln Centre for the Performing Arts' on an eleven-acre site west of Central Park: to be exact, between West 62nd and 65th Streets, Amsterdam and Columbus Avenues. This ambitious scheme envisages not only a new Metropolitan and a new concert hall for the Philharmonic, but a new Juilliard School of Music, a ballet theatre, a repertory theatre, a smaller concert hall, a library and a museum. The total estimated cost is $75,000,000; and about one-third of this sum has already been pledged by such bodies as the Ford and the Rockefeller Foundations. The first and most urgent task is the construction of the larger concert hall; the date for the opening of the new Metropolitan is optimistically set at 1961. Evidently the whole complex of buildings, with its landscaped surroundings, offers a glorious but formidable architectural challenge. What will it all look like – and sound like? A handsome brochure gives us little more than a glamorous general impression; but I gather, from speaking with the principal architect, Mr Wallace Harrison, that he is well aware of the advantages, both acoustic and atmospheric, of the traditional cup-shaped auditorium, especially for opera – and sadly aware, too, of the difficulty of reconciling any such traditional design with the provision of perfect sight-lines for an audience of 3800 people. (The present Metropolitan holds 3600, but only 2600 have a full view of the stage.) By the way, our own Festival Hall is frequently quoted as a warning of the acoustic troubles that can result from a modern and strictly functional design. With luck New York may get a reasonably human new framework for the intensely human old art of opera.

Meanwhile the City Centre – a sort of combined Sadler's Wells and Old Vic – continues to dispense drama, ballet and opera, timing its operatic seasons so as to avoid direct competition with the Metropolitan. This year a useful but not lavish grant from the Ford Foundation enabled it to attempt something bold – no less than a whole month of American opera: that is, eight distinct programmes comprising ten operas (four of them in double bills), all composed within the last twenty years. People seemed quite startled, not to say incredulous, at the prospect. Were there really so many American operas as that – especially since (to my great regret) Aaron Copland's *The Tender Land* and both of the Virgil Thomson-Gertrude Stein operas were omitted from the scheme? But boldness often pays, and the public has been flocking to everything; so much so that an extra week has had to be arranged, devoted wholly to performances of a single work. Which was that? I am sorry to say that it was musically the feeblest of the three that I saw, all of which to some extent posed the question: 'What is an opera, and how does it differ from a musical?' The 'opera' thus singled out by public acclaim was Kurt Weill's *Lost in the Stars*, a setting of Maxwell Anderson's dramatisation of Alan Paton's famous South African novel, *Cry the Beloved Country*. Not only is Weill's music perfunctory but it plays a wholly subsidiary and incidental role in the evening's entertainment: a far less vital role, for instance, than Leonard Bernstein's score for the current Broadway hit, *West Side Story*. Bernstein himself is represented at City Centre by a one-act piece called *Trouble in Tahiti* which I was unable to see there, but had previously seen in California; it is a bitter and amusing satire on American civilisation as reflected in the attitudes of a squabbling suburban couple, and it contains a wonderfully awful Television Trio who comment on the action in the manner of a Greek chorus; but, for all its skill and ingenuity, it is little more than a superior TV sketch itself.

The other two operas which I saw were Marc Blitzstein's *Regina* and Douglas Moore's *Ballad of Baby Doe*. *Regina*, like *Lost in the Stars*, began life some years ago on Broadway, but its music is more closely geared to the action and generally superior to Weill's. Much of the dramatic power of Lillian Hellman's famous play, *The Little Foxes*, is retained in this musical version; but the evil humour of Regina and her associates is largely conveyed by having them bawl through whatever music the orchestra is playing. For the

rest, the composer relies heavily on period trimmings, sometimes dropping to the level of Victor Herbert, but achieving an authentic and original success in the music allotted to the degenerate playboy of the family.

The Ballad of Baby Doe, not quite as folksy a piece as the title might suggest, was more like an opera than any of the others I saw, and got some rave notices from normally sober critics, one of whom called it 'a completely enchanting work of art' and 'a very important event in the current history of music'. For American ears – and still more for American eyes – it has the charm of dealing with a romantic and picturesque episode of national history, the silver-mining boom in Colorado during the Eighties and Nineties. Its characters are real people: the silver king, Horace Tabor, and his two wives, the proud, cold Augusta and the dewy-eyed Baby Doe for whom he leaves her. While the enchanting scenery was being changed amusing period photographs of the actual localities were flashed on a screen. But the drama amounts to little, and the music is ostentatiously simple, with a few rather taking tunes and some excursions into sweet coloratura for the youthful heroine. It makes a quite nice, cosy evening, but anything less like 'an important event in the history of music' would be hard to imagine.

Of the operas scheduled for production after I left, most was expected from Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* (which had a great success last season) and from an absolute novelty, *The Good Soldier Schweik*, by the Czech-American composer Robert Kurka, who died last December, aged 35. The standard of singing and general presentation was high. Though none of the operas I heard contained much memorable music, it may be that American composers are right to aim at a native operatic style by way of the Broadway musical and the TV show, just as German opera sprang from a very humble sort of Singspiel. But I rather hope they will soon become a little more ambitious.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Growing Up at Last

THEY'VE been talking a long time in highbrow theatrical circles about the musical as 'the coming art form', as 'significant', as able better than any other form to 'reveal the contemporary situation' and so on and so on. And for a long time one had gone hopefully, expectantly, to the latest new musical, whether English or American, and so far from finding any of the quality promised, one has been very lucky not to be greatly bored. But the More-Mankowitz *Expresso Bongo* at the Saville really does justify all the chatter. It is a first-class musical play aimed right at the centre of life today, and it is, as they say, 'bang on'.

It isn't only that the play is a satire on Tin Pan Alley, that it aims to take the mickey out of the Espresso girls and boys and their talentless teen-age idols who climb to the top on a pretty face and the spasmic shaking of a young leg. To be contemporary it isn't enough merely to pick the 'contemporary' subject, or those other musicals that are set in baseball dressing rooms, or garment factories would have got there already. What More and Mankowitz add to the choice of the contemporary subject is the choice of contemporary words in their sharp, astringent dialogue, and the lyric writers (Julian More, David Heneker and Monty Norman) have followed suit with songs that use wittily, bitterly and freshly the phrases of the very moment. Listen a moment to one of the numbers, sung in a menacing minor (with

Confectionately yours

Alice could not help pointing her finger at Tweedledum and saying, "First Brother!"

"Nohow!" Tweedledum cried out briskly.

"Next Brother!" said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee. But he only shouted out "Contrariwise!"

"Look before you leap to conclusions," said Tweedledum. "Just because we're alike . . ."

"We might be no more alike," broke in Tweedledee, "than a glass of Guinness and a packet of Butter-Scotch — and *still* belong to the same family."

"But," began Alice, "Guinness is brewed —"

"Exactly," said Tweedledee, "Guinness's brood includes Callard. And Bowser, of course."

"By adoption, you know," said Tweedledum gravely.

"But Guinness is tall, rich and handsome," Alice ventured to object.

"Callard and Bowser sweets are small, rich and toothsome," said Tweedledum. "There's a strong likeness, if you look."

"Goodness!" said Alice.

"Precisely," said Tweedledee.

Issued jointly by

GUINNESS and CALLARD & BOWSER

Guinness, brewers of stout since 1759, seven years ago acquired control of Callard & Bowser, makers of fine Butter-Scotch and other confectionery since 1837.

G.E.2948.8

more than a touch of Brecht in the staging) by a crumpled-faced variety agent, a middle-ageing actress and a tin pan tycoon:

> Nothing is for nothing, that's the human plan,
> Line up for the rat-race, man must live on man.
> Nothing is for nothing, nothing is for free.
> I'll look after you, Jack, when you look after me.

With that song (modulating as it perfectly well can into reference to the 'mushroom cloud with the silver lining') the English musical grows up at last. The first half, which sketches for us the rise of Herbert Rudge from a jolly drumbanger in a teen-age group to 'Bongo Herbert' the great teen-age star, is perhaps better than the second. It is tighter, tauter, faster. Nothing is wasted. We all know the story of that boy getting there already. What we want, and what we get, is the quick, biting, bitter commentary, the whiplash of the how and the why. And we have – excellent casting – Mr Paul Scofield to guide us through the routines. Peering from a face as creased and soiled as an unmade bed, Mr Scofield as smart-man agent Johnnie, picks out the money-spinner, the golden lad. All it needs now is the lucky break, the teen-age howl and the contract, for Johnnie to join the gravy train. Success needs exploiting, of course, but Johnnie's the boy for that. And the brilliant climax of the rise to the heights is the Sunday night concert when the sex note is supported on the religioso chords; and gazing up with innocent blue eyes Bongo in a satin suit sings of the room where he was born, 'the shrine on the second floor', and the organ swells and a choir lights up behind the gauze, and the Saint in the shrine is Mum. A brilliant parody, brilliantly put over by Mr James Kenney, who throughout has the Bongos of our modern world to a nicety.

We have skimmed at a terrific pace so far, and we have skimmed nothing but cream; the introduction of a plot line dilutes a shade. Bongo is taken up by Dixie Collins, the baby-snatching star, and Johnnie gets cheated out of this valuable property. A little unreality here: Johnnie was flyer than to let that happen. But still whatever criticisms you may raise, you will certainly not fail to raise cheer after cheer for an English musical that can look any American one in the face, and outstare it. *Expresso Bongo* may well yet take the shine out of that Fair Lady. And all may share in the praise. As well as Mr Scofield's triumphantly casual, natural, flip-away performance which sets the whole tone of the proceedings, there are delightful performances all round. Miss Millicent Martin is a delicious discovery: an earlier generation of mashers would have called her piquante. Meier Tzelniker, Charles Gray, Hy Hazell, Elizabeth Ashley give nicely judged comic performances that fill out the edges. Loudon Sainthill solves the problem of a continuously changing scenic background with enormous resource, and strikingly. David Heneker and Monty Norman provide a loud but often witty score. This musical is not only sung, danced and staged with precision, pace and efficiency; it is also acted, really acted: Mr William Chappell, the director, deserves the highest praise for bringing up all the talents simultaneously.

Connoisseurs of classical acting – and such people commonly admit only the French into the classification – must not fail to collect Miss Vivien Leigh's performance in the Giraudoux play, translated by Christopher Fry as *Duel of Angels*, at the Apollo. The direction is by Jean-Louis Barrault and M. Barrault has made no concessions to English style. The play, which gives us a characteristically witty and complex analysis of the man-woman struggle, requires from its actors primarily declamation; it demands stillness and the ability to speak. Miss Leigh responds to these demands with a perfection of assurance, and an unwinking poise, and the great thing is that then, in the stillness, the faintest movement, the smallest nod or wink bursts on us with an explosive effect. Miss Leigh creates the stillness and then judges exactly the force of such small movements.

Giraudoux, in this last not quite finished play of his, propounds a duel between two conceptions of the woman-role in the struggle with men, a duel conducted in Aix in 1864. There is Lucile, who is purity itself, Lucile, to whom any unchastity is so repugnant that the face of a deceiving wife is, for her, visibly crawling with insect or reptile life of one kind or another. Then there is Paola, who stands with all the other women, so she claims, in eternal deception of the men. To her Lucile's purity is pure affront; it is a betrayal of the brotherhood of women. And Paola plans to draw Lucile into the common fold of the *femmes moyennes sensuelles*. She borrows a device from the ancient story of Lucrece, administers Lucile a drug and lets her wake up in a brothel and think she has been ravished. Nothing has happened to her at all but she acts as if it has, seems not only changed in herself but sees all around her changed. She is all too willing to believe that the town's most handsome womanizer has seduced her, and romantically gets him killed in a duel, and romantically confesses all to her husband, only for Paola to arrive triumphant and reveal the truth about that fatal night. So the soul of purity is, after all, at heart, not pure at all. Has she not, though technically still innocent, acted as equivocally as all women must? Had she not in her heart, if not in her body, received the handsome seducer that night? But the wounded Lucile can also borrow the ancient devices, and proves that she would rather die than even be so much as thought impure.

The argument is a good deal subtler and the action a good deal less interesting than this account suggests; and it must be admitted that as an argument, sustained in long duologues and declamations, it is sometimes wearying. Miss Claire Bloom has the ungrateful part of the somewhat sentimentally good; and if she is only as convincing as such a part allows, she is always a pleasure for the eye. Peter Wyngarde, Basil Hoskins and Robin Bailey have the even less grateful parts of mere men, mere husbands, disputed over, more than disputing. But they strike their attitudes well enough. It is Miss Leigh's evening. Within a narrow range which extends from the cool to the hard and hissing, she finds a surprisingly subtle modulation of voice, and stands there, back arched, chin contemptuously up, delivering the intricate sentences with perfect control. It is an evening of somewhat refined pleasure to the ear rather than to the dramatic sense, as we English like it. And to the eye as well. Christian Dior's period costumes display the contrasted beauty of the two beautiful protagonists to perfection. Roger Furse has three highly decorative sets.

T. C. WORSLEY

Not So Modest

MOST contemporary English art is provincial. That is not a qualitative judgment but an unprejudiced statement of fact implying that most contemporary English painters and sculptors have had only second- or third-hand connections with the main movements of modern European art. As a result, their discoveries instead of stemming from and adding to a tradition, are, on the whole, personal, local and, in the strict sense of the word, eccentric in character. What such artists lack in mastery of method, they must make up for by intensity and singularity of vision. Obvious examples are Stanley Spencer, Lowry, Sutherland, Paul Nash: obvious exceptions – Matthew Smith, Ceri Richards.

The self-evident danger for provincial art is provincialism. Provincialism, however, is not the inevitable result of being on the perimeter of a tradition. It is the result of trying and failing to imitate the centre, the capital, instead of being content to draw on local roots. Provincialism is never the result of comparative innocence; on the contrary, it is always pretentious. Thus, it is not surprising that many of our best artists have chosen to work in some specific local context, far away from the amorphous and snobbish pretensions of the London art world. Lionel Miskin, who is now showing 40 oil and tempera paintings at the Plymouth Arts Centre, has made such a choice and may turn out to be one of our best artists. I say 'may' because when a young artist's work depends (as all good provincial works must) so exclusively on his personal relationship to his personal subjects, no prophetic assessment can be more than a hunch.

The majority of these paintings fail but the way they do so and the way in which about seven others succeed makes one hopeful. The failures are mostly landscapes. Cornish ones. Those of the clay-pit country are striking. (The tips, the earth-works, the derelict sheds, the ubiquitous dust, are all reminiscent of a mining valley – only the dust is white and consequently the eyes in a pit-worker's face look dark as peat.) They are striking, however, because the landscape itself is striking and they are faithful to the landscape. Too faithful. I don't mean too literal

because Miskin's hand is naturally a painter's hand, incapable of becoming pettily pedantic. Rather, they are too faithful in attitude of mind. The reality of the scene is over-revered, and so never got the better of, never reconstructed. These pictures, though quite large, all look like humble details arbitrarily cut from some huge painting. Yet in fact they are all subservient details not of some comprehensive painting but of the artist's comprehensive awe in front of his subject. In other words they are not quite pretentious enough. They are too modest to be art.

Or at least that is what one thinks until one looks at the successes – all of them portraits. Here each of the sitters has an immediate, compelling presence, whilst the paintings are nevertheless complete and integrated with a centre of their own as paintings. You look at a sculptor standing barefoot in a garden gazing at a sunflower, one hand up to his face, the other weighing down his jacket pocket like a stone; you look at an old man sitting waiting at a kitchen table – if he was once a wainwright (and the whole picture suggests brightly coloured, fashioned pieces of wood that have faded in the sun), his fingers are now almost as stiff as the spokes he once made; or you look again at the sculptor at work – he is seen against a seashell light which is so infusive that his fingers appear to be modelling with it and his inclined head listening to the sound of the sea in it; and as you look at each of these pictures you get the impression of a man totally at one with his environment. Now, probably this is not true of the sitters in actual life. But the environment of a painted figure is paint. This unity has been reached through the making of the work itself. It was only through words that D. H. Lawrence established his extraordinary unity or equality with the animals and plants about which he wrote his best poems, and these paintings are rather like those poems. Miskin, having completely subjugated himself before the sitter's character, then paints in order to rid himself of that subjugation – just as I believe Lawrence wrote.

These portraits then are not quite so modest as they first appear. And one now realises that what is wrong with the landscapes is that Miskin has not lost himself enough in them, has not lost himself so completely that he has to paint to find himself, to find his way out. And here indeed is the condition of the contemporary provincial artist. If he can avoid the pretensions of provincialism, he will be free of the dangers of rhetoric and formalism, but he will always have to use himself as the centre for any unity he achieves in any work. Expansiveness is the prerogative of the main tradition.

JOHN BERGER

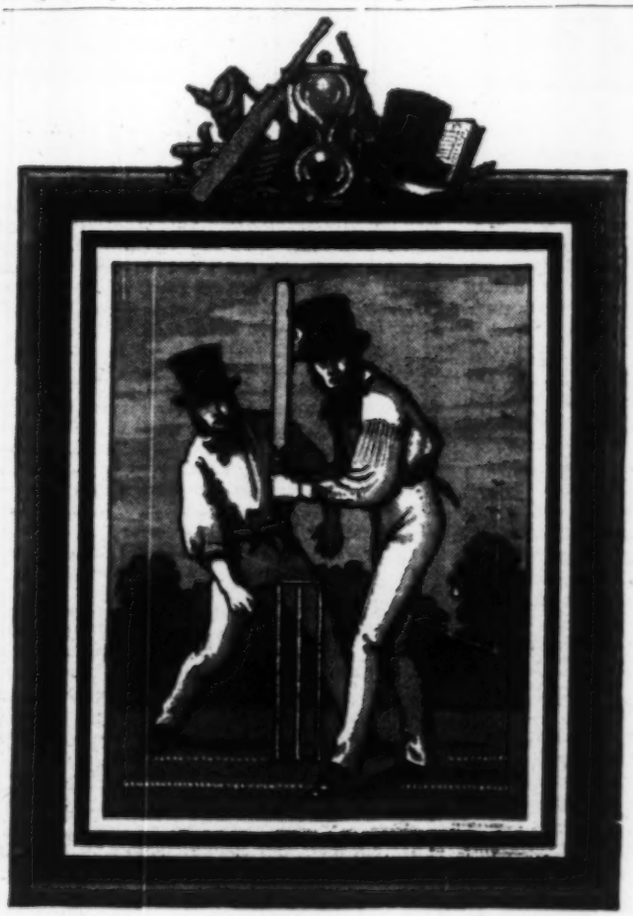
From the Alert North

IT is two years this week-end since the first broadcast by Granada – the programme-company to which the Independent Television Authority allocated week-day ITV for the populous north-west. Before it began, Sir Kenneth Clark, then ITA's chairman, looked to it to provide the intelligent material that commercial television needed to fulfil its obligation of providing a balanced programme. Those who knew Granada's chief, Mr Sidney L. Bernstein, were confident that its output would be perceptibly above average, and admired him for his toughness in refusing to discuss the contents of his programmes in advance with advertisers.

These hopes have been fulfilled, though not always in the expected way. It was naive to predict, as some did, a mainly 'highbrow' output from Granada, which is as much a commercial enterprise as any other programme-company (and recently declared a profit of £391,000). Its aim is not to be labelled either high- or low-brow but to produce what is good of its kind. *Chelsea at Nine* (now *Eight*) is an example of a programme which makes such labels irrelevant. (But I can't take Granada's popular *Spot the Tune:* it seems to me the ghastliest quiz of all.)

Granada's main achievement is to prove that serious semi-documentary or discussion programmes (*Under Fire, Youth Wants to Know, What the Papers Say*) can be successful entertainment. Other programme-companies now go in more and more for this type of thing (e.g., Daniel Farson's various series for Associated-Rediffusion, of which *The Wedding* was a good example on Monday); and three-quarters of Granada's total product is networked.

Perhaps the most consistently satisfactory of all Granada programmes is *Criss-Cross Quiz* (a derivative of the old game of noughts-and-crosses), in which no intellectual need be ashamed of appearing – though the considerable element of luck in it means that a doctor of philosophy may easily be ploughed first go. Being a democratic outfit, Granada decided not to exclude contestants merely because they are 'well-known'. (Miss Margaret Rawlings had a go this week.) Before entering, however, they have to get some 80 or 90 marks out of 100 in a test questionnaire containing such (to me) difficult ones as: Which American state is known as the Sage-brush state (Texas/Nevada/Ohio)? From which country does Britain import the largest proportion of iron ore for steel-making (Sweden / Italy / Denmark)?



May

The gods of sport have surely reserved their choicest gifts for the cricket enthusiast. They have given him records of play and players more complete than those of any other game. And they have conferred upon him that happy schizophrenia which alone can make his enjoyment complete. For consider: while one half of his mind savours, ball by ball and stroke by stroke, the quality of the play, the other half is busy, figuring the precise point at which Mr. Smith will achieve his first thousand-runs-this-season or some esoteric ground record be established. We have always admired this passionate devotion to detail. We have a fellow feeling for it — understandably, for it is a characteristic of ours, too. But in our case there is nothing schizophrenic about it. Our attention to our customers' requirements is never anything but single-minded.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

2,150 branches in England and Wales

HEAD OFFICE : POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

Which French king's chief minister was Richelieu (Louis XV/XIII/XIV)? The questions test intelligence in guessing as well as knowledge. Those often fluffed include the name of the President of the Supreme Soviet (people say Krushchev or Bulganin) and the spelling of the W1 police-station (Saville Row is preferred).

On Monday I looked round the Granada HQ, greatly enlarged since I was last there and an oasis of colour and clean form in a drab part of Manchester. There is an enormous new studio, with flexible acoustic screens and telescopic lighting-arms hanging like silver stalactites from the high metal ceiling: the bird's-eye, or cat-run, view of it, with the crowd of impersonal technicians below, would make a good study for Mr L. S. Lowry, who lives near Manchester and was himself the subject of an admirable BBC TV programme.

In the yard the year-old trees are in leaf – maple, willow, and Lombardy poplars ('to act as accents'). Mr Bernstein has advertised in vain for a full-grown tree. His staff are working on a parody of the Berkeleyan limerick: 'In Granada the man who is God/Decreed a large tree in the quad. . . .'

Another thing that even Mr Bernstein can't do is to solve the problem now agitating Lancashire's political organisers: how to get people to vote in the local elections next Thursday. For on that day Manchester United are playing in Prague – and the match can be seen on TV from 7.30 p.m. Many fans live far from their work: they will be hurrying home to tea, and it will be hard to prise them away from their TV sets.

TOM DRIBERG

First number out now

THE PAINTER AND SCULPTOR

A new quarterly journal of the visual arts

Edited by PATRICK HAYMAN

This is a lively, original and serious magazine which provides a platform for the discussion of Painting and Sculpture and to some degree Films and Architecture.

The Spring number includes the following names: Lindsay Anderson, Kenneth Armitage, Peter Blake, Cecil Collins, John Dalton, J. P. Hodin, Oskar Kokoschka, Peter Lanyon, Lionel Miskin, Pablo Picasso, Kathleen Raine, John Ruskin, Elspeth Spottiswood, Stefan Themerson and David Thomas.

A year's subscription costs 11s. 4d. post free, single copies 2s. 10d. from 7 Montserrat Road, London, S.W.15. 2s. 6d. from good booksellers.

Design for living

Every well-designed home *must* include a planned Hi Fi system for radio and record reproduction. Architect and client are equally welcome at Imhofs, where the finest hi fi equipment is available in an exclusive range of contemporary cabinets. Imhofs illustrated Hi Fi Catalogue contains a wealth of interesting information—write for copy today. Ask also for details of Thursday evening Hi Fi Recitals. Stereophonic sound now on daily demonstration.

IMHOFS

Alfred Imhof Limited, Dept. 55 112-116 New Oxford St., WC1 Museum 7878 (20 lines)

Accents and People

ONE good reason why the attempt should have been made to film Irwin Shaw's novel *The Young Lions* is its plot. The climax comes in those last days of the war when, with fronts crumbling, the individual, exultant or defeated, was beginning to return: a Wehrmacht officer who has just flung away his gun is seen through the trees by two American soldiers on the road and shot by one of them. Towards this incident, little enough in war, two narratives from opposite sides have converged step by step, never till that point touching. A film shape seems to be here; it remains to see how it will work out.

The big slow way chosen by 20th Century Fox is one way, not necessarily the best. Twice the usual time has been taken; that's to say, we are given really two films, cutting from one to the other, up to the final elision. But for such a method to succeed each story and its characters must be brought closer, made more urgent than usual, or the intermittence will be weakness. I can't say that *The Young Lions*, at the Carlton, finally achieves this. Edward Dmytryk, directing, makes a gallant bid, and manages on the whole to suggest a real war in which the same incidents are a hideous turmoil or cool warmanship, according as you look at it. The ambushing of a British patrol in the desert, their attackers waiting in the bushes on a hill for the sun to rise behind them, the ensuing slaughter with no prisoners taken, these bring it home to us, because we have witnessed as it were our own death from afar; and the film starts on its journey in double-harness by giving the enemy point of view. Marlon Brando plays the blond Bavarian who acquiesces in Nazism, and thereafter carries out orders even though protesting against them. If he doesn't – while giving a performance of soft restraints – quite bring the part into focus, the fault may be less his than the script's. The same happens with the chief American character, a little Jew who, volunteering, has *Ulysses* in his locker and gets appallingly bullied; Montgomery Clift gets the hunched lover, but never quite emerges into toughness. After a while both heroes, German and American, cease to grow for us, and the tension slackens off fatally before the climax, so that we shift uneasily with a feeling of having come not far enough in too much time. A pity, for the film two-thirds succeeds and is well worth the attempt. More attention to the clock, and possibly a closer adherence to the original – at any rate with the consenting Nazi, who in the novel becomes brutalised whereas the film makes him saintly – might have achieved that extra tautness.

Brando makes the most of a German accent, an impeccable refugee study, behind which one only glimpses the character intended. This matter of foreign accents – some being given them and some not – can take the actuality out of anything. In René Clement's *The Sea Wall* (Leicester Square) mixed accents are endemic: French family in Indo-China, two of whom speak American and the third Italianate English. (Good performances by Jo Van Fleet, Silvana Mangano and Anthony Perkins.) The film is British, the producer is Italian, one of the script writers is American, the director is French: small wonder that, despite Clement's talent, the film should be somewhat uncentred. It tells a powerful story of a woman who has built herself a fortress against sea and jungle; her children rebel; the sea rushes in; there are flirtations with a city which may provide money for a cement sea-wall but is unimpressed by matriarchs. In Clement's handling all that is odd, harsh, moody is brilliantly brought out; but solidity suffers somewhat. An intoxication of filming has to make up for the sometimes hollow content. Let me add that, if unsatisfactory, this is certainly a film one could see again.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

'Petrushka': at Covent Garden

Stravinsky's music for *Petrushka* is so delicate and so taut, that it is hard to imagine the ballet as a jangling sketch of the St Petersburg carnival. But this is what has resulted from the production by the Royal Ballet Company. The mysterious excitement of the crowded scenes has degenerated into something nearer the dismal sordidity of a present-day Hampstead Heath fair. Robert Helpmann's Petrushka is the most serious disappointment. He, who can still perform the Rake with more vitality than anyone else, gives a tired interpretation of the puppet. His yellow face (jaundiced where it should be cyanotic) and his floppy movements have nothing of the fine energy of desperation; his clumpy boots and paws express no subtleties of physical anguish. There is only one small character played with the intensity worthy of a first-class ballet company: this is Leslie Edwards as a drunken young merchant. The rest of the company seem but half aware of their behaviour.

A. F.

Correspondence

WILL FRANCE GO FASCIST?

SIR,—It distresses me as much as it does Mr Karol to envisage a Fascist future for France, but I think his implied conclusion that there is no immediate Fascist danger in France is based on incorrect reasoning.

Mr Karol makes three points. The first is: 'French public opinion, far from moving to extremes, is buried in a strange kind of torpor'. One is reminded of Sartre's remark in his pamphlet *The Victory* to the effect that he finds it difficult to believe in the degradation of an entire people, but admits the possibility of its temporary stupefaction. The distinction is clearly drawn in order to permit one to retain hope. If people are merely in a torpor, there is ground to hope that sooner or later they will overcome it, and then 'ordinary Frenchmen (will) cease to grumble in private, and (will) voice their anxieties and disgust in public'. I do not think that Mr Karol has any reliable means of learning what really 'ordinary Frenchmen' think in private; as to what they might be expressing in public in the future, he can think only of his wishes being fulfilled. 'Ordinary Frenchmen' do not, however, constitute a homogeneous body with a single given way of thinking at a time. In order to describe the situation, I suggest that it would be more correct to say that a small minority is positively hostile to the Algerian war, a larger minority positively supports it, and the majority is indifferent – a term that implies more complicity than the absolving term 'torpor'. This indifference is manifested by the fact that in by-elections there are no increasing abstentions nor do the voters of any of the parties show signs of being discontented with their policies. It is with indifference (and not with horror or shame or shock!) that the 'ordinary Frenchman' of the street witnesses the huge police operations (invariably accompanied by helicopters flying overhead!) that are organised to break up the insignificant demonstrations that are organised from time to time in *Quartier Latin* by students. It is also with indifference (and not in numbness) that he watches the Fascist gangs carry on their hooliganism before the very eyes of the police. Mr Karol might have seen a cinema audience behaving as if it were ashamed just after the Sakiet incident. I have seen a cinema audience jeer at a documentary film on Egypt.

On this first point, my differences with Mr Karol are only on appreciation and not on reasoning. In his other two points I believe he makes serious mis-

takes. These points concern why in his opinion there is no immediate danger either of Fascism or of a military *coup d'état*.

There is no danger of Fascism, because, according to him, the extremists 'can terrify ministers and civil servants: they cannot get the masses down into the streets'; also because Fascism has no real roots in France. Its real leader is a French Algerian newspaper editor who has a lot of money and influence but no means of 'arousing the mass fanaticism which placed Hitler and Mussolini in power'.

I want to criticise this point on two grounds. First, is it only the inspiration of a single man that has made the Independents as well as the Socialists, the MRP as well as the Radicals, vote confidence to the Gaillard government after the massacre of Sakiet (as well as after the aggression of Egypt)? There is a pattern in the post-war politics of the French right, and it goes back to the time of the Collaboration. The extremists are known to terrorise the Communists, Mendessists, and all those who are described here as traitors and defeatists. Since when are they terrorising 'ministers and civil servants'? Next—and here lies the most dangerous error of Mr Karol—what makes him think that 'mass fanaticism' is necessary in order that Fascism could come to power? Did Hitler or Mussolini come to power through mass support? Hitler did manage to create mass fanaticism but only after he came to power. He was brought to power, not by getting 'the masses down into the streets', but by people very much like Sérigny and parliamentary parties resembling in their behaviour very much the ones sitting in the Palais Bourbon today. On the part of the masses, all that is necessary is an indifference that prevents them from getting down into the streets *against* the manipulations of Sérigny.

As to a military *coup d'état*, Mr Karol considers it unlikely because of his belief that it would re-create the Popular Front. This is an argument which I have heard put forward any number of times by people holding a certain touching faith in the role of the Red Belt of Paris. But I do not see how the existence of Red workers by itself guarantees that a Popular Front would be born. As to the Socialist Party, it depends on the vote of only 14 per cent. of the workers; as to its policy, its leaders even now reiterate without repentance its Suez policy; and it is directly responsible for the official policy followed in Algeria through its representative, Lacoste. But despite all one's doubts as to the Socialist content of this Socialist Party, it might be held that it is sincere in its republicanism. Even if that be granted, the question to be asked is: What grounds are there to believe that the Socialist and the Communist Parties will be any more able to make a common front against Fascism in France today than they were in Germany against Hitler in 1933? True, the Communists, who seem to be really scared, are not repeating all their mistakes. Thus they are frantically pressing for common action against the danger, and are *unilaterally* withdrawing in favour of the 'best-placed leftist candidate' in elections. The Socialist Party, however, is not only not reciprocating; it is showing more readiness to enter into electoral alliances with the extreme right in the latter's attempt to build a common front against the Communists.

A. I. R.

Paris

AFRICAN POLICY

SIR,—Surely it is misleading to assert baldly as you do that the group of African MLCs in Kenya are 'accusing of treachery any of its members who are prepared to co-operate in gradualism'. Such an assertion certainly does not square with the fact that throughout last year Mr Mboya's campaign was a twofold one calling (a) for a declaration that in the long term Kenya was to become a fully democratic state; (b) for an immediate agreement by the Colonial Secretary to parity on the unofficial side of the Legislature between Africans and the rest. I said at the time and still say that it is difficult to imagine an African leader putting forward a more moderate and gradualist programme.

The one thing that Tom Mboya was wise enough to reject was any over-clever scheme of multi-racialism, which, however well intentioned its sponsors, could make it possible for the establishment of government by white settlers and a few hand-picked African stooges. Such schemes have, over the past few months, been rejected equally unequivocally by Africans in Central Africa, Northern Rhodesia and Tanganyika. In every case the Africans have asked the obvious question: 'Who will have the majority say in the choice of our representatives?' and in every case, despite the dismal distortions of the facts to which British politicians like Mr. Allport have resorted, the answer has been 'Europeans'.

No clearer evidence of the moderation of the African members could be given than their plea for the reinstatement of Mr Vasey as a *nominated* Minister. They would prefer to have him this way than answerable to a settler electorate (as would have been the case had he become an 'alderman'). Here, surely, is a clear sign that far from demanding immediate African self-government the Africans are prepared to accept a period of Colonial Office tutelage.

The really odd thing in the present situation is not Mr Mboya's behaviour but that of the Labour Party, the NEW STATESMAN and the Fabian Commonwealth Bureau. Instead of backing Tom Mboya in his demand for the implementation of 'The Plural Society', they seem to be urging him to accept one of the bogus forms of multi-racialism which 'The Plural Society' specifically rejects.

JOHN REX

25 Kelso Road
Leeds 2

[On 25 March the African Elected Members published a statement on their attitude to those Africans who had expressed willingness to stand for the cross-bench elections. According to the reports this statement contained these phrases: 'Now we know the stooges, quislings and "black Europeans" in our community'; 'Those . . . must be treated as traitors to the African cause'. The African Elected Members boycotted these elections. In doing so they ensured the defeat of their best European friend, Mr Vasey, but they are now asking the Governor to nominate him to the Legislative Council.

We agree with Dr Rex that the Elected Members' condemnation of those who are willing to stand for the cross-bench elections does not prove that Mr Mboya and his colleagues are opposed to all moderate solutions. Certainly Mr Mboya is justified in asking for a statement of the long-term aim for Kenya as the basis on which the interim stages can be planned. The reason for criticism of Mr Mboya by many English friends of the African cause has been their belief that the new Kenya constitution, unlike some in Central Africa, is not so framed as to seem permanently to freeze African advance. Mr Mboya clearly thinks otherwise, and resists the introduction of a common roll in any form until the principle of universal suffrage for Africans has been conceded. But he is prepared to consider other safeguards for European interests.—ED., *N.S.*]

TELEGENIC?

SIR,—Mr W. Bryce Gibson may be interested to learn that Dr A. Schellen, in his book *Artificial Insemination in the Human*, quotes an authority who describes 'telegenesis' not as 'postal AI' but as 'a reproduction and union of the gametes of individuals between whom there has been no bodily contact'.

Perhaps your correspondent was a victim of telepathy—or should it be telergy?

G. MEPNER

16 Highfield Gardens
NW11

MAHATMA GANDHI

SIR,—I am engaged on a Life of Gandhi. I should be most grateful to anyone who knew Gandhi or had any correspondence with him, if they would contact me.

RONALD DUNCAN

Mead Farm
Welcombe
Nr Bideford, N. Devon

I've always had a soft spot for crackpots. The pottier their ideas the better I like them. Of course, I am not alone in my admiration for crackpottery. Eccentricentialism, to use its proper name, is quite a flourishing philosophy, with some six hundred adherents who frolic regularly at Folly Berserk, the national headquarters.

It was there that I heard an insanely sensible idea regarding advertising. It wasn't reported, being overwhelmed by the less worthy news of an epidemic of apoplexy among advertising agents following a proposal to nationalise their industry. The kernel of the suggestion which escaped notice was that advertising space should be allotted according to the product's value to the community.

Thus, products like *Ugh*, the *Discreet* Cleanser, would be advertised only in appropriate places for private viewing by people one at a time, while the things that contribute to our happiness—books, good wine, handmade shoes, paintings, etc.—would receive their due measure of publicity.

Now that's *true* proportional representation. I'm all in favour of it—and for a start I nominate Mackenzie's Sherry, surely one of life's pleasantest products, for nationalised advertising on a national scale. I don't quite know what one would write about it in order to fill a whole-page newspaper advertisement: I've been a devotee of Mackenzie's Sherry for years but can't say that it has repaired a broken romance, or led me to a better job. Still, the advertising experts should think of something to convince you that it's an exquisite sherry. But why wait?—try a bottle now. You'll agree that Mackenzie's Sherry is worth any taxpayer's money.

MACKENZIE'S
Sherry

★ **FINO PERLA**
Medium
★ **VINTNERS CHOICE**
Superior Amontillado (Medium Dry)
★ **EL CATADOR**
Very Dry Fino
★ **VINTNERS CREAM**
Rare Old Oloroso (Sweet)

MACKENZIE & COMPANY LTD., 20 EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.
TEL: MANSION HOUSE 4777 *and Jerez-de-la-Frontera, Spain*

STEEL AND THE NATION

SIR,—Mr White complains that I provided 'few figures'. If he wants more facts and figures on the post-war record of the steel industry than could be put in the confines of a NEW STATESMAN article, I suggest he reads my Fabian pamphlet, *Plan for Steel Re-Nationalisation*.

In any case, Mr White's figures won't do. It is as if in discussing the contribution of agriculture to the balance of payments he had forgotten to take account of imports of feeding-stuff. Mr White 'forgot' imports of iron ore and scrap; and how strange that his figures start with 1955. A complete table of the iron and steel industry's net exports since 1954 is as follows:—

(£ millions)

Year	Imports	Exports	Net Exports
1954	98.7	136.7	+38.0
1955	188.9	156.4	−32.5
1956	211.4	173.2	−38.2
1957	194.1	213.4	+19.3

Thus the total contribution of the industry to the balance of trade in these last four years was minus £13 million. If the industry had merely had enough capacity to sustain the level of net exports of 1954—which were inadequate due to lack of capacity—it would instead have contributed over £150 million to our trade balance in these four years. If it had in the early 1950s built some additional capacity to meet export demand (as the Iron and Steel Board has only now persuaded a reluctant industry to do by 1962), and developed the home ore fields more, the industry's contribution to our balance of trade should have been at least £250 million instead of minus £13 million. Is that not failure to expand capacity for exports?

Mr White throws about some large-looking figures on development expenditure. The point I made was the inadequacy of development to date—the net export figures are some evidence of that—and that the Iron and Steel Board has had to resort to violent inflation of profit margins and steel prices to encourage more rapid development. Does Mr White not think a 30 per cent. increase in steel prices between July 1955 and August 1957 a serious matter?

Nor is the ISB survey of out-of-date equipment in the industry in 1955 (see ISB Report on Development, 1957, Ch. 10) refuted by selected instances of new plant. Plant 'well below average' and 'obsolete' then accounted for over a fifth of pig iron production, a third of 'heavy steel' and a half of plate output. Obviously, in conditions of high demand for steel, inadequate capital investment means keeping out-of-date plant in use.

Mr White then cites improvements in blast furnace output. The average output per furnace per year is still below 150,000 tons—a modern blast furnace would have twice that output. In the United States in 1950 average output per furnace was 276,000 tons a year, and labour productivity was three and a half times the British average. We have some leeway to make up!

Finally, Mr White argues that the ISB has 'strong supervisory powers'. When the ISB was set up the *Economist* summed up its powers as 'considerably restricted', and for once I find myself in agreement with it. Mr White apparently bases his judgment on the ISB's right to advise the Minister to build plant if the industry will not. This is quite unrealistic—how long would it take to build up from scratch the organisation and personnel permanently required for a major undertaking? If one takes the dispute over building a fourth strip mill, or the lag in home ore field development, this played no part although the 'industry' has been dragging its feet in these matters for years.

JOHN HUGHES

23 The Vineyard
Abingdon

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

GUILDFORD
Congregational Hall 7.30 p.m.
May 5th
MERVYN JONES
A. J. P. TAYLOR
Dr. JAMES TOPPING

HACKNEY
Town Hall 8 p.m.
May 8th
MAYOR OF HACKNEY
HERBERT BUTLER, M.P.
JAMES CAMERON
Canon L. J. COLLINS
Rabbi A. UNGAR
K. ZILLIACUS, M.P.

ST. PANCRAS
Town Hall 7.30 p.m.
May 11th
ANN KING-HALL
Dr. NICHOLAS MALLESON
IAN MIKARDO, M.P.
A. J. P. TAYLOR

Tickets or further particulars from:
146 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. FLE 4175

DEMOTIC ENGLISH

SIR,—Mr Edward Hyams's article on *Demotic English* introduces interesting speculations and brings back many memories. And it makes a nice change from U and non-U.

While I agree with Mr Hyams that English novelists seldom approach anywhere near to reproducing credible working-class speech, and that this forms a notable gap in present-day English writing, there are, however, other points where I feel disagreement. My own experience in these matters is much more limited than his, being confined to two years on the lower deck in war time; still, I doubt very much whether the word which he cannot get printed (not even filleted) has 'an important meaning . . . *man* in terms of man's most important generic activity'. Not only is it, in my experience, used just like American *guy* and French *type*, but it can also be used of inanimate objects, as in the old cry, 'Join the Army and see the world; join the Navy and scrub the (six-letter)'.

In fact, it seemed to me that the most important function of words like these was syntactical rather than semantic; they are more 'form words' than 'full words'. The noun in question, as well as the word *bastard*, which in my own field was more common, usually acts as a sort of pronoun (for example, replacing *it* in the instance quoted), or is used instead of the prop-word *one*, as 'This tin is empty; I'd better get a fresh bastard' (stress on adjective, not noun). The seven-letter adjective related to Mr. Hyams's noun usually signifies 'Relatively important word coming; pay attention', as (*mutatis* of course *mutandis*), 'He's lost his flicking paybook'. This is the normal arrangement, but the important word is not necessarily a noun; in the last example a deeper sense of urgency could be created by putting the stress-word before the verb, 'He's flicking lost his paybook'. Or again it may appear before an adjective, as 'I'll have to get a fresh tin; *this* bastard's flicking *empty*'. Rhythm also seems to play a great part in the distribution of these words, and standard English prose inserted into this sort of speech sounds more than usually prosaic. This verse-like nature of the demotic is, however, due to the rhythm, not the vocabulary. I remember hearing a leading seaman express the sentiment that 'Sailors don't care' in his own words—'There's something about flicking Jack, mate; he doesn't give an (eight-letter)'.

Surely what Mr Hyams says about the emptiness of British English words of this type, compared with American fullness, contradicts what he said earlier about his word's 'important meaning'. And surely the special effect produced by the use of an American voice, compared with the absence of effect where an English voice is used, is merely a question of less or greater familiarity and has nothing to do with 'fundamental sincerity implicit in the American accent' or 'sinfulness which is at the bottom of American vitality'. Familiar speech patterns do arouse more excitement when used outside the speech community which made them familiar. I remember a Canadian officer relating almost with incredulity that he had heard a British rating give his age as 'Twenty-flicking-five', whereas this officer's own troops used transatlantic expressions (which he assured me meant 'nothing at all') that made three-badge stokers look the other way and pretend to admire the view.

F. S. SCOTT

The University
Sheffield 10

ENGLISH IN INDIA

SIR,—Mr Kingsley Martin has suggested that latinising all the Indian languages with but one common script might help the eventual dominance of one such language. This is no doubt true. It is indeed possible to symbolise all the languages with one common set of characters. All Indian languages are written and have been written for a number of years in the phonetic symbols of Pitmans shorthand and some professional Indian shorthand writers can write verbatim two Indian languages and English. They can do this only because the same symbols represent with mere minor modification the sounds of all Indian languages as well as of English. Whether the help from such common symbolisation will achieve the dominance of one language is another matter.

PETER PITMAN

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons Ltd
39 Parker Street, WC2.

THEATRE CENSORSHIP

SIR,—I should like to correct an impression given by V. S. Pritchett in his article in your journal last week. The Committee for Theatre Censorship Reform that is being set up under the chairmanship of Sir Gerald Barry is in no way connected with the English Stage Society, The English Stage Company, the Royal Court Theatre or any other theatrical organisation.

TINA MORDUCH
Secretary

English Stage Society
Royal Court Theatre
Sloane Square, SW1

PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE

SIR,—In 'London Diary', on 19 April, you refer to the West Riding County Council election results. In order to get the record straight, I wish to point out that the 'People's Candidate' was not a member of the county council three years ago. He was first elected in April 1957. Secondly, the election of the chairman of the county council is the first item on the agenda of the annual meeting and the election of aldermen is second. It, follows, therefore, that the 'Tories and their allies' to use their own description, will have a majority of fourteen at the election of the chairman. All the Labour aldermen are due for re-election.

J. T. ANSON
Regional Organiser

Labour Party Yorkshire Regional Office
13 Queen Square
Leeds

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Bird-Happy

THE difficulty of writing about Montaigne is to know where to begin. Mr Eliot's Preface to Pascal (Everyman's Library, 1930) is as good a starting-point as any. 'Montaigne', he tells us, 'is a gas, a fog, a fluid insidious element.' And he continues:

> . . . Had Montaigne been an ordinary life-sized sceptic, a small man like Anatole France, or even a greater man like Renan, or even like the greatest sceptic of all, Voltaire, this 'influence' would be to the discredit of Pascal; but if Montaigne had been no more than Voltaire, he could not have affected Pascal at all. The picture of Montaigne which offers itself first to our eyes, that of the original and independent solitary 'personality', absorbed in amused analysis of himself, is deceptive. Montaigne's is no *limited* Pyrrhonism, like that of Voltaire, Renan, or France. He exists, so to speak, on a plan of numerous concentric circles, the most apparent of which is the small inmost circle, a personal puckish scepticism which can be easily aped if not imitated. But what makes Montaigne a very great figure is that he succeeded, God knows how – for Montaigne very likely did not know that he had done it – it is not the sort of thing that men *can* observe about themselves, for it is essentially bigger than the individual's consciousness – he succeeded in giving expression to the scepticism of *every* human being. For every man who thinks and lives by thought must have his own scepticism, that which stops at the question, that which ends in denial, or that which leads to faith and which is somehow integrated into the faith which transcends it. And Pascal, as the type of one kind of religious believer, which is highly passionate and ardent, but passionate only through a powerful and regulated intellect, is in the first sections of his unfinished Apology for Christianity facing unflinchingly the demon of doubt which is inseparable from the spirit of belief . . .

The French, who never do their intellectual prep by halves, have long ago analysed Montaigne's *'évolution des idées'*. When he first began to write, says M. Pangaud, he believed himself to be a stoic. His deep re-dippings in Seneca, Lucan and, above all, Plutarch (only God and Robespierre know how that great *raconteur* has unswervingly beguiled them all across the Channel) fixed his belief in 'la glawr' and the heroism of antiquity. Let us all die like Cato of Utica and return to Carthage with Regulus! He preached energy in the face of suffering and death, and appeared to commend suicide.

This phase hardly outlasted the First Book of his essays. Not cheerfulness (Montaigne, the most adult of writers, was never a cheerful man) but his own temperament came creeping in. The truth is (I am still relying on M. Pangaud) that Montaigne had no natural feeling for the severe doctrines that he – and the whole of his generation – admired. Where, then, did he go to from there? Nonchalant, voluptuous, tetchy and refined, he naturally gravitated to what TV Brains Trusters call 'the humanist solution'. But, since he also happened to be a man of genius, he only did this, in the words of Mr Waugh's immortal stooge, 'up to a point, Lord Copper'. He became not merely a humanist, he became the one human being who is able to speak, through all literature and time, for us all. This great fashioner of temperament and self-consciousness – the first man to pick his nose or scratch his bottom in public on the printed page – has bequeathed us a continent. His essays are a map of man and his voice, better even than Pascal's, will plead for us in the courts of Heaven:

> *Nous avons vie, raison et liberté, estimons la bonté, la charité et la justice . . . Somme le bastiment et le desbastiment, les conditions de la divinité se forgent par l'homme, selon la relation à soy. Quel patron et quel modele! Estirons, eslevons et grossisons les qualitez humaines tant qu'il nous plaira; enfle toy, pauvre homme, et encore, et encore, et encore . . .*

Even the smuggest among us will, I think, admit that the sense of life being a daily fight has never been more accurately recorded.

The master's voice, which had been getting a little tinny in its Tudor olde worlde resonances (what a clever and, as he would say, 'sinnowie' bore John Florio was), has now been superbly re-pitched by Mr Donald Frame in his new translation*. Mr Frame is an American and, as they say over there, his accent of transposition was just what was required at this juncture. One has only to compare his version with old Wardour-Street, oak-settle Florio to see what a difference the new treatment makes. Florio made Montaigne sound as wheezy and cross-gartered as Malvolio. Mr Frame not only translates with such magnificence as to put us all permanently in his debt, he also writes divinely good sense about Montaigne. I quote from the Introduction: 'Book Three', he writes,

> is full of a new sense of human unity and solidarity and of the confidence in man that goes with it. Montaigne owes at least some of this to the success of the first *Essays*, the friendly welcome he found almost everywhere on his Italian trip, his two successful terms as mayor, and the simple courage he observed in the peasants of his region during the plague. His new feeling is best expressed in the formula, 'Each man bears the entire form of man's estate' . . . To accept the human condition is to accept our two parts, body and soul, not as slave and master but as relatively equal parts that should be friends. We are neither a body nor a soul, but both; neither brutes nor angels, but men. Though some people do achieve sanctity, they are rare and privileged souls; others are rash to attempt it, for failure to attain it usually corrupts: supercelestial thoughts, Montaigne notes sardonically, tend to go hand in hand with subterranean conduct. We cannot even wholly will to be very different from what we naturally are; that is why true repentance is so rare. . . .

* *The Complete Works of Montaigne: Essays: Travel Journal: Letters.* Newly Translated by DONALD M. FRAME. *Hamish Hamilton.* 73s. 6d.

Montaigne's prose is knotty enough in all conscience and it has been Mr Frame's privilege to untie some of the unnecessary knots for our generation. Even in his conversable hands I still fail to make headway with the *Apologie pour Raymond Sebond*, except in passages like that quoted above. But in his rendering of *Sur des Vers de Virgile* (Bk. III. 5) he surpasses himself. This is the essay that always made André Gide cry – and how much more one admires that great man for daring to do what the English once did with aplomb but have long ago forgotten! – and Mr Frame gives it to us very beautifully. (His great quality in general as a translator is that he makes the soldierly speed of Montaigne's mind once more apparent.) The Americanisms are there, admittedly. You get phrases like 'yank out my teeth' (p. 481) and, for *'car il est bon . . . c'est ainsi bon'*, 'for it is a good one that . . . it is a good one also that' . . . Personally, I find this off-the-cuff idiom refreshing.

What a prodigy Montaigne was! Mr Frame has thoughtfully appended his travel journal (with a typical and endearing transatlantic thoroughness he includes a 'Table of Money Values' that takes in the biacco, batz, giulio, testoon and thaler, and an 'Analytical Table of the Trip'). I guarantee that Voltaire's greatest admirer will yield the palm to Montaigne if he reads the thirty-odd page description of the latter's visit to Rome and what he saw there. Even Mr Frame's analytical account ('Nov. 30, Books taken for inspection: Dec. 29, Kisses Pope's feet: Jan. 30, Watches a circumcision: Mar. 6, Vatican Library: 15, Excursion to Ostia: 20, Essays returned: April 5, Receives Roman Citizenship') fails to do it justice, *e.g.*, the doings of the Curia on Maundy Thursday and a holy exhibition he attended at the Lateran:

> On the eve of Easter I saw at Saint John Lateran the heads of Saint Paul and Saint Peter that are shown there, which still have their flesh, color, and beard, as if they were alive: Saint Peter, a white and slightly longish face, his color ruddy and inclined to the sanguine, a forked gray beard, his head covered with a papal mitre; Saint Paul, dark, his face broad and stouter, the head bigger, the beard gray, thick. They are up high in a special place. The way of showing them is that they call the people by the sound of bells, and by fits and starts lower a curtain behind which are these heads, side by side. They let them be seen for the time it takes to say Ave Maria, and immediately raise the curtain again; after that they lower it again in the same way, and this up to three times . . . the place is about as high as a pike, and then there is a heavy iron grill through which you look. They light several tapers around it on the outside; but it is hard to discern very clearly all the details. . . .

All this is good fun, but gets us no nearer to the point of Montaigne. The French, who are inclined to forget that he was of English extraction, split him up neatly into *'l'homme'* and *'le philosophe'*. We non-Latins know that things cannot (alas!) be divided so easily. This man who preserved his father's gloves, could retain his water for eight hours at a stretch, raged against old age, delighted in 'far-off governments, customs and languages', and believed that 'it is an absolute perfection

Danger in the Air

OLIVER STEWART

Re-telling tragic accidents in the history of flight, the author suggests how some might be avoided. An urgently topical book.
Illustrated 28*s.*

Undiscovered Self

C. G. JUNG

Jung answers some major moral problems of the present world.
10*s.* 6*d.*

Zen in the Art of Flower Arrangement

GUSTIE HERRIGEL

A fascinating companion volume to Eugen Herrigel's *Zen in the Art of Archery*.
Illustrated 12*s.* 6*d.*

Poems of Jonathan Swift

Edited by JOSEPH HORRELL

Muses Library 2 *vols.* 42*s. the set.*

Charles Cotton; Poems

Edited by JOHN BUXTON

Muses Library 18*s.*

Poets' Grammar

FRANCIS BERRY

Highly original discussion of the uses of pronoun and verb in the poems and plays of five centuries. 21*s.*

People of Ship Street

MADELINE KERR

Study of a Liverpool slum, suggesting the origin of serious social disorders.
23*s.*

Widows and their Families

PETER MARRIS

A book on the whole subject of bereavement, from a study of the lives of widows in London. 18*s.*

The Social History of Lighting

W. T. O'DEA

How were night pictures painted when the artist could not see his colours? What was social life when only the rich could afford evening lights? A Keeper in the Science Museum explores the unknown subject in a finely illustrated book.
9*th May Illustrated Royal* 8*vo* 42*s.*

Routledge & Kegan Paul

and virtually divine to know how to enjoy our being rightfully', was all of a piece. The burden of Montaigne's thought may have shifted with the years – the part that those disgusting French Religious Wars played in his life should never be left out of account – but his gritty centre was organic and unassailable. He is the most homogamous of human beings. Though he can be wildly witty on almost any subject, he elected to remain firmly on the side of life. He would have made scarifying fun of the quidnuncs who gave Aldermaston its send-off on the plinth the other day, but he would have profoundly sympathised with the March itself and the emotions that inspired it – and would have gone with them. He would have written a great essay about it – a short one, full of the twisty pros and cons, about the length of his 'A Trait of Certain Ambassadors'. I wish, too, that we could have read his essay on Sir Winston Churchill – the one man who, even while recommending its use in the House of Commons, parenthetically said the last word on the H-Bomb. ('In these dark days, I sometimes ask myself whether our Lord has not wearied of this world.') Sir Winston would have made a just addition to the catalogue of Montaigne's heroes – Homer, Alexander, and Epaminondas.

Montaigne's sense of cruelty – his elastic but inflexible knowledge of the pain that human beings needlessly do one another – was incessant. The world puzzled and horrified him. His curiosity was oblique and unbounded but his protestation – for those who are tortured, who lie in gaol, who are wrenched by life, who are racked by Catholic or Protestant or sold into slavery by Spaniards – was grave, spontaneous and constant. (He would have had some pithy things to say about the present disgraces in Algeria.) He took a long, hard, dry stare at human beings – and was appalled, like the rest of us. But he remained unshakably on our side of the river, refusing to pass over with Mr Valiant-for-Truth or to stretch hands, like the ghosts in Virgil, *ripae ulterioris amore*.

All humanists – not to speak of the surrounding circle of us who also struggle, daily and painfully, to be humane men – should invest their spare seventy-three bob in this book (one can make up the amount over a period by skipping Mr Bill Hopkins's novels, Mr Lindsay Anderson's collected social criticism, Mr Stuart Holroyd's ethical strictures *et*, as they say, *alia*). Montaigne renews our faith in the friendly vices of man. He is the humane CO of that bird-happy rear-base that lies buried in the sediment of every honest man's feelings. If faith, as all Christians believe, is a fluid and transitory gift, it is in our unfaithful moments that we adhere to Montaigne. And this is just what Pascal, that unflagging practitioner of faith, realised from the gifted outset of his own self-consciousness – and why he knew Montaigne by heart, and why he feared and detested him.

JOHN RAYMOND

The latest edition of the Home University Library (No. 233) is *Elizabethan Literature*, by Helen Morris (Oxford, 7s. 6d.). From Oxford (out of Harvard) also comes a new study of Robert Greville, Lord Brooke, adopted son of the poet Fulke Greville, by Robert E. L. Strider, II. (Oxford, 40s.)

The Solitary Daffodil

From committee-doodled day
Beckon'd by the cocktail roar,
Feeling for what seemed a way,
I groped, as I had groped before.
A vivid Presence in the grass
Held me up. I could not pass.

A solitary Daffodil!
Its candid countenance was there
Speaking of the end of ill
With mild, confiding, tranquil air:
Its crisp, translucent whorls so pure
I grew as sure as it was sure.

Through golden depths *on on* it spoke,
A little Trumpet, grave and deep,
And nodded lightly as it woke
The world from transcendental sleep.
Alone had it been waiting there
A Herald and a Harbinger.

So, as a lost word found can say
The never-so-well-known-before,
It welcomed me into a Day
And almost opened me a Door
Through which I may still step to be
In recollected Company.

I. A. RICHARDS

New Novels

The Makioka Sisters. By JUNICHIRO TANIZAKI. Translated by EDWARD G. SEIDENSTICKER. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

Héresmédan. By JEAN GAMO. Translated by NORMAN DENNY. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

Love and Idleness. By LESLIE BLIGHT. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

The Golden Valley. By COLIN MURRY. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A reviewer in Birmingham, Alabama, is reported to have described Mr Anthony Powell's humour as provincial. He has a point, of course. Of all art forms the novel is perhaps the least international. The fine touches that Alabama recognises and applauds may leave Banbury cold. The writer from Trinidad may be accused, in London, of pinching his dialect from Ronald Firbank. How, then, can one be fair to *The Makioka Sisters*? It is my first Japanese novel and I fear I may have missed the nuances that have established it as the finest piece of post-war Japanese fiction. It is an immense and uncompromisingly worthy chronicle of a declining Japanese merchant family during the 'national crisis' of the Thirties, *i.e.* the 'China Incident', *i.e.* the invasion of China.

The Makioka name is such an honoured one that it is taken by the two men who marry into the family. The Makiokas are threatened not only by their falling fortunes but also by the encroachment of Western ideas. The eldest sister ineffectually strives to keep up traditions and appearances; the second is less unreasonable; the Makioka haughtiness has driven away suitors from the third; the fourth is an out-and-out rebel who earns her own living by making dolls, takes proletarian lovers, is cast out of the family in a traditional but futile gesture, and eventually has an illegitimate child. The design is too symmetrical. Perhaps, in Japanese eyes, this is a virtue: it accords with the complicated rigidities

of the society Mr Tanizaki describes. But although the characters, settings and incidents are painstakingly realised, the book has a coldness and formality which would have killed an equally symmetrical novel like *The Old Wives' Tale*. *The Makioka Sisters* is not an easy book to read. Not stilted, not pretentious, it remains too resolute. I often found it repetitive and indiscriminating. Everything is there, except for the quickening element which would have jerked the whole thing alive. It might help to compare it with the novels of New Delhi by Mrs R. Prawer Jhabvala. Both writers describe societies driven to compromise with European ways. Compromise has made the Indians assured and vulgar; yet, in the most curious way, traditional values have not suffered. The Japanese have been made uncertain and, one feels, ashamed. Europe is not glamorous for them, as it is for the Indians; it is a continent they are competing against, with vigour but without joy. Indian values are immune to assault. Japanese values have a meaning only when unchallenged. At the first assault the whole artificial edifice begins to totter. Perhaps it is this weakness that makes *The Makioka Sisters* so cold and hollow.

Heresmedan is an historical novel about a fifteenth-century feudal ruler in the Pyrenees. It is in the form of a contemporary chronicle; the characters are thus often permitted to make speeches more than a page long. Blood is spilled in the most laughable way. 'Go and arouse Dom Felicien. Ask him if without too great sin I may secretly kill these clerks'. The villains are villainous and the hero an unheroic boor. Loyalty is the only virtue among these disagreeable people. Historically correct, no doubt; but I couldn't care. M. Gamo's story is just too trite and superficial. The scheming baron, the wicked stepson, the life-long love affair, the betrayal, the marriage *in extremis*—why didn't Mr Norman Denny translate us another Marcel Aymé?

Mr Leslie Blight is another of those in revolt against what Raymond Chandler calls 'mandarin English'. The theory is that you can jazz up any old style by peppering it with *or something like that*, by prefixing as many nouns as possible with *sort of* and *kind of*, by adding *somewhere* to place names ('He lived in Birmingham somewhere'). In fact, this mock-colloquial can be incredibly verbose and tiring and is often a cover for slovenliness. It is annoying, in a book as beautifully printed as Mr Blight's, to find sentences like 'Mason gave a nod with his head' and 'It was still raining when they drove by so everything was wet'. *Love and Idleness* is about sex and boredom among a group of wholly worthless and uninteresting RAF types at a run-down station. I was never concerned whether these louts were on heat or not. Mr Blight's picture may be accurate, but it is far too true to be good. His grasp of the technique of boring is so sure that it is worth close study. Introduce as many characters as possible as soon as possible. Let them talk alike—tough, kind of, and sort of snappy too. Never fail to establish that everybody is like everybody else, or something like that. Whenever possible, match the rhythms of your dialogue with those of your narration. If you adopt the mock-colloquial, mock-Hemingway tone this is easy. Never select and emphasise. You have to fill 398 pages and it doesn't matter how pointless the actions and chatter of your characters are. Remember, you can never be fully exposed. Only extensive quotation can reveal the cruelty you inflict on the conscientious reviewer, and he hasn't got the space. All he can quote is a representative sentence—'One of the waiters made out the bill, tore it from the pad and put it on the table'—and submit that your book is at least three times too long for its virtues to be sought.

Mr Blight is at any rate a writer. When he purges himself of his prolixity and insincere toughness he might be worth reading. But what is one to say about Mr Colin Murry, except to wonder how he got *The Golden Valley* into hard covers? It is all about abortive adolescent love, with a hint of Lesbianism to provide the flavour of the month and the age, served with every cliché he has made himself master of. Technically it is beyond redemption. Mr Murry can take lessons from Mr Blight.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Man Clothed

The Peacock's Tail. By PEARL BINDER. *Harrap.* 25*s.*

Longer ago than I care to remember, I was, I think, responsible for giving Miss Pearl Binder her first or almost-first journalistic job. I was Assistant Editor of *Lansbury's Weekly* and we wanted someone to illustrate the delicately brilliant 'Diary of a Dilettante' by Herbert Farjeon. I told him whom we had decided to engage: 'Pearl Binder?' he wrote, 'It suggests a most opulent wardrobe'. Ever since then Miss Binder's name has been connected in my mind with clothing, and now she has written a book on it.

Its subject, in intention, is male costume, and a serious book on this was overdue. There is very little written, and what there is is mostly collections of *obiter dicta*. But this is not a serious book, although the publishers think it is. From time to time Miss Binder makes an effort to get to grips with her theme. She divides male clothing into two categories—close-fitting clothes suitable for youth, and loose clothes of great simplicity for the older or misshapen. She examines the practice of two Savile Row tailors, one rigid (Poole's) and one more flexible (Whitley's). She makes the acute observation that the fear of bright-coloured clothes as 'effeminate' never appears among trades which are incontestably male, such as coalmining or navvying, but among those which are afraid of feminine competition, such as clerking. But these attempts at rationalisation are soon drowned in the divergent streams of her rather inconsequent if entertaining commentaries on every facet of modern or ancient life that has interested her. Many of these have no relation to clothing.

She dislikes modern standardisation, she is greatly vexed by American social habits, she has remarkable illusions about Red Indian society, and her sociology seems to be derived from Rousseau. She includes in her book a large number of highly entertaining pictures, mostly not related to the text, of which perhaps the oddest is of a 'Zandi harp, made from a discarded wooden toilet-paper holder, whale bones from a missionary's corset, and strips from a sardine tin: Sudan, 1900'. The most remarkable garments she refers to are Hawaiian shoulder-capes 'made entirely from the red and yellow feathers of the oo bird' (what on earth is that?) and an immensely tall headdress in which 'the Sioux chief Onepapa' recently sat as a model for the Indian on a dollar-bill. I feel uneasy about this anecdote; how many papas would even a Sioux chief expect to have? But it would be unfair to press such questions too closely; the book is an agreeable charivari and should be enjoyed as such.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

NAKED UNDER CAPRICORN

Olaf Ruhen

"This novel is a vivid account of the life in Central Australia at the time of the white man's invasion. Whites and blacks mingle first in peace and then with violence. The book is faithful to detail. It is a stirring historical novel, packed with drama as moving as any that has been produced by race relations."—*JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS of the United States Supreme Court.* 15*s.*

THE CHANGELING

Robin Jenkins

His magnificently reviewed novel of the underprivileged child. "Quite first class." —*SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE.* "Moving and disturbing."—*GILBERT HARDING.* "Tells his story subtly and interestingly." — *ANGUS WILSON (Observer).* "Compelling power and nobility."—*JOHN CONNELL (Evening News).* "Sensitive and haunting . . . remarkably moving." — *FRED URQUHART (Time & Tide).* 13*s.* 6*d.*

MACDONALD

Statistical Summary of the Mineral Industry 1951-1956

One of the most complete reference books of its type, this annual volume of statistical tables contains comprehensive details of the production, exports and imports of all important commercial minerals and metals used throughout the world. **27s. 6d.** (*post* 9*d.*)

Automation in North America

by S. B. BAILEY

A report on visits to industrial, commercial and research establishments in the U.S.A. and Canada. Illustrated. **4s.** (*post* 5*d.*)

Commonwealth Trade 1956-1957

A memorandum prepared in the Intelligence Branch of the Commonwealth Economic Committee summarising some of the more important changes in Commonwealth trade during 1956-1957. **2s.** (*post* 4*d.*)

HMSO

from the Government Bookshops or through any bookseller

New Verse

The Dual Site. By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Monologue of a Deaf Man. By DAVID WRIGHT. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Talking Skull. By JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The ordinary run of good contemporary verse which flows into the reviewer's hands arouses after a while a curious feeling. The reviewer feels that this poetry is unlike any other poetry of the last fifty years; it must therefore be new; yet it has not the freshness of new things. It is generally intelligent: too intelligent to be dull, too intelligent also to be surprised at itself; resolved in any case to avoid the chance. It is as if the poet were lingering on the bank of a stream, lingering until the stream has dried up, so that the final plunge cannot be made, and in any case is a foreseen disappointment. On the other hand the delay itself has all sorts of interest, and we begin to feel the false simplicity or obviousness or dullness of the plunge that is never made, and sympathise with the sage young scepticism which stops at a standing distance from experience. The effect is one of sophistication, or of irony, or at the worst of caution. We feel that the poet is preventing himself, for the most honourable reasons, from saying things which otherwise he might have said, or even have liked to say if the reservations in his own mind had not stopped him. Yet sophistication and irony and caution do not explain the situation; for plainly the poet remains at his chosen point out of simple honesty. Nevertheless all imaginative inquiry into life is frustrated so long as a poet cannot decide how the inquiry should be made, and goes on sophisticating himself with the problem.

I am trying to describe a rough impression, left after reading a good deal of recent poetry. It is a relief to turn to Mr Hamburger and Mr Wright, for though their poetry is as weighted with thought as the contemporary taste could wish, the thought is applied to things, not to the problem of how to deal with them. Mr Reeves, who belongs to a different generation, is not troubled at all by this problem, and simply addresses himself to his subject.

Mr Hamburger's subject can be illustrated best from a fine poem, 'Man in a Garden', beginning

> Creation's monster, metaphysical man,

and showing the human being

> Changing, unchanging, mobile, half at home . . .
> His legs in Croydon, head for Eden bound,
> Between two stars he tills the promised land.

He listens to blackbirds and pigeons,

> But in his entrails hears a time-bomb ticking,
> Planted at birth, set for the mocking hour,

and reflects

> 'We do not leave but take the world away . . .
> Almost we dare not live our lives at all.'

He is left with 'one metaphor':

> Stars in the dark and out of soil a flower.

Mr Hamburger's imagination works inward, and through some simple instance, a man in a garden, reaches some quality that is in us all, and shows the contrast there between the experience and the metaphor. The surprising strokes in his poetry seem to come from this contrast:

> The sentence I approve, deny the crime . . .
> Gone is the errant star. The shepherds rise
> And, packed in buses, go their separate ways.

Contrast and equivalence are brought out finely in the title poem, addressed

> To my twin who lives in a cruel country . . .

The twins, who are two in one, live different lives far from each other, and are troubled by each other's imagined fate and the hope sometime to come together. The poem is a symbolic statement of an experience known sometimes, I fancy, to everyone. An invented situation such as this seems to be one of the best roads at present to the understanding of experience; it brushes aside mere speculation and gives an image of the thing itself.

Mr Hamburger's imagination moves inward; Mr Wright's moves out into the world from a deep and painful knowledge. *Monologue of a Deaf Man,* and *A Thanksgiving,* which deals with the same theme, are heroic poems:

> All things I name when I look about,
> Offences, imbecilities, are
> No less than antelopes and lilies
> Or the actions of the beautiful.
> Caught up in the catalogue of prayer.

To say that is to be sure of certain things, and to have passed beyond the divagations of speculation. At its best Mr Wright's poetry sees things as they are, with an exact visual and moral truth.

All the poems in *The Talking Skull,* except for the longish 'meditation on John Clare', have an apparently effortless perfection. Mr Reeves knows where to stop short; he makes us conscious of all that might have been and should not have been said. The vulture sings to Adam:

> 'Never be cheated out of your despair.
> Mourn still the irrecoverable garden.
> Eve never could have made her dwelling there.
> Her sin was common sense and needs no pardon. . . .'
> Thus sung the vulture in the wilderness.
> It was a habitable place; though bare.

Proportion such as this is rare; Mr Reeves is probably the only poet who still possesses it. He is also a great inventor of situations, fanciful and true, serious and comic, and all presented with measure and truth. Perfection does not call attention to itself. One is scarcely aware of the perfection of these poems until after one has read them, and then must read them again.

EDWIN MUIR

Better Books
Booksellers of
Charing Cross Road London

Freedom Fighters

Child of Communism. By EDE PFEIFFER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

Doctor in Revolt. By DR GEZA. As told to GODFREY LIAS. *Muller.* 16*s.*

Four Black Cars. By STEPHEN BARLAY and PETER SASDY. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

Seventy Days. By WACLAW ZAGORSKI. *Muller.* 21*s.*

The Warsaw Rising of 1944 and the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 stand out from the squalid morass of modern power politics like heroic survivals from the age of Byron and Mazzini. Yet both were, in the end, as futile as they were heroic, and left the peoples concerned worse off than they had been before. Both therefore raise the same question: with the odds so heavily against them, how did the rebels convince themselves they had a chance, and find the courage to fight?

None of these books provides any obvious answer. Two of them, *Doctor in Revolt* and *Child of Communism,* give supposedly eye-witness accounts of the Hungarian Revolution, after describing the personal histories of their authors from the Russian occupation onwards. Unfortunately, their bitter one-sidedness lessens the effect of their attack on the regime. It is hard, for example, to believe that the amorous adventures of the girl pioneers whose skirts used to festoon the bushes at Mr Pfeiffer's pioneer camp were solely the result of a Communist education, or that the fall in the yield from agriculture was quite as drastic and universal as Dr Geza claims. Above all, neither gives any guide to the future. Both show that members of the Communist Party sometimes took a prominent part in the Revolution. How far were these mere opportunities, how far genuine eleventh-hour converts, and how far sincere Communists outraged by the Rakosi regime as a perversion of Communism? Neither Dr Geza nor Mr Pfeiffer helps to answer this question, perhaps the most important for the future of eastern Europe.

They might reply that they are not political scientists, but ordinary people with a story to tell. In that case, it is a pity that the personal touch has been smoothed away from their books, for they might have given a fascinating glimpse of the working of tyranny from the inside. But in fact, *Doctor in Revolt* was ghosted by a journalist, and *Child of Communism* reads in places as if it had been edited by a sex-and-violence novelist.

Fiction, indeed, reads more realistically than fact. *Four Black Cars* is a novel about the Hungarian Revolution by two participants. As a novel it fails, for the characters are wooden and uninteresting, but as a piece of fictionalised reporting it is excellent. Its breathless disorganisation makes one feel one has lived through the chaotic excitement of the Revolution itself, the mounting desperation that led up to it, and the agony of its collapse.

Above all, it is an extremely honest book, without self-pity or obvious propagandist exag-

geration. Together with *Seventy Days*, Mr Zagorski's diary of the Warsaw Insurrection of 1944, it tears off the romantic mask from the reality of armed insurrection. Revolution, these books make clear, is a bloody and disgusting business, even if the cause is just. The spectacle of a crowd tearing men to pieces is revolting, even if the men belong to the Secret Police. Heroic patriots, fighting tanks with bottles of petrol, get killed and their survivors suffer, even if their deeds go down to history. No one would deliberately have started either insurrection if it had been obvious from the start that success was impossible. In fact, foreign intervention was expected in both. The Poles, it is true, hoped to liberate Warsaw before the Russians arrived: they did not doubt they would arrive. When it became obvious that the Russians would not help, they radioed pathetic appeals to the proletariat of Great Britain. The Hungarian Revolution exploded spontaneously, without advance planning, but once it was under way the freedom fighters hoped for help from the West. It is difficult to see what we could have done without risking world war – but it is impossible not to sympathise with the evident feeling of all three Hungarian writers that we betrayed them. If we had made it clear from the start that we could give no help, the Revolution might never have happened. As it is, half the guilt for the bloodshed rests with the western propaganda services.

DAVID MARQUAND

Vol. XI of the *History of US Naval Operations in World War II*, by Samuel Eliot Morison, covers the invasion of France and Germany, 1944-5 (Oxford, 45s.).

Ornate But Absorbing

The History of the World Conqueror. By 'ATA-MALIK JUVAINI, translated from the Persian by JOHN ANDREW BOYLE. *Manchester University Press. 2 vols.* 63s.

Jenghis Khan was called the King of the World in his time, as were the succeeding four great Khans who (in traditional spelling) were Ogatai (1229-1241), Kuyuk (1246-1248), Mangu (1251-1259) and Kublai (1260-1294). Only the names of the first and the last are generally remembered – Jenghis on account of his prodigious massacres and Kublai because Marco Polo visited him, and the book he wrote describing his hunts and royal palaces has continued to be read for seven hundred years.

Juvaini began to write his *History of the World Conqueror* in 1252, two years before Polo was born, and died in 1283 when Polo was at Kublai Khan's court in Peking. Needless to say, neither had ever heard of the other. Juvaini was a very different sort of person from the medieval merchant and traveller. He belonged to a Persian noble family and was a highly educated man of letters, far more intellectual than Marco Polo, though with less natural genius. The ornate classical Persian in which his history was written limited its appeal. It was not heard of by European scholars until 1824, not wholly printed until 1937, and only now translated by Dr Boyle.

Over-ornate though the style generally is, there is enough plain writing to make the book absorbing. Juvaini was born one year before Jenghis Khan died, and survived to within eleven years of Kublai Khan's death. Thus he lived through the heyday of the Mongol domination. His native land was the first kingdom westwards which Jenghis overran. Though this terrible visitation occurred six years before his birth, he grew up a witness of his country's ruin and subjugation. Nevertheless, he joined the Mongol administration (as did Polo) and eventually became Governor of Baghdad and of all the territories which had been directly held by the last Abbasid Caliph, Al-Mostansir-billah (he who asks help from God), whom Hulegu, Jenghis Khan's grandson, when he took Baghdad in 1258, caused to be rolled in a carpet and kicked to pulp. This catastrophe for Islam, together with the destruction of the Persian state, was accepted by Juvaini as a divine punishment for the sins of his countrymen, the same view which the Jews took when the Babylonians destroyed Jerusalem and carried them away captive. Saved from despair by this belief, he served the Mongols faithfully and in his *History*, while he did not minimise the horror of the sack and massacre at such Persian cities as Balk and Samarkand, he gave the Mongols credit for the wonderful way they later organised the government of the world: their roads were longer, their posts better equipped than the Roman roads and posts had been, their law and order so perfectly maintained that, for instance, Polo and his father travelled to Peking without seeing a bandit. It was truly a world state.

The History of the World Conqueror deals with the character and actions of the four Khans, Jenghis, Ogatai, Kuyuk and Mangu up till 1257, the year before the destruction of the Caliphate. Its fall and the reign of Kublai Khan, Polo's hero, are not described in the book. Dr Boyle has rendered future historians a very great service by translating it. Though not easily readable, a quan-

★ *Just Out* ★

BERNARD BERENSON

Essays in Appreciation

With 117 plates—30s. net

A collection of articles on diverse subjects written for various periodicals by the great art critic. They range from a 1945 essay on the Reconstruction of Florence after the war, to one on 'The Carraccis' published in 1956, the author's ninety-second year.

GEOFFREY DUTTON

States of the Union

With 16 plates—21s. net

Mr. Dutton is an Australian, and probably because of this his account of his experiences during an extended motor tour of the United States has a freshness and objectivity not generally found in similar books by English writers.

CHAPMAN & HALL

FIRST VICTIMS OF THE H-BOMB

The fate of 23 Japanese fishermen

DAWN, MARCH 1st, 1954—the United States explodes its first Hydrogen Bomb over Bikini Atoll in mid-Pacific, with a force of 15,000,000 tons of TNT.

To the 23 Japanese fishermen of *The Lucky Dragon*, forlornly trolling for tuna 100 miles away, the white-hot fireball was like "the sun rising in the West." But they had no inkling of the danger which the harmless-looking white ash raining upon their ship would hold for them and for mankind.

For this was radioactive dust and they were its first victims. This week in **The Observer**, a distinguished American scientist describes what befell them.

The world still lies beneath a mushroom cloud of unknown fears which this dread word "fallout" has generated. The publication of this graphic narrative makes it possible—for the first time—to form an accurate, realistic judgement on a question which deeply concerns all men and women.

starting this Sunday in

THE OBSERVER

tity of curious facts can be squeezed from its seven hundred pages. In its vast panorama the episode which most takes my fancy relates to a magical bandit, a type still met in Asia, as I know by experience. Juvaini is here seen at his least rhetorical and most humorous.

In 1238, he writes, in the reign of Ogatai, Mahmud, a sievemaker of Tarab, a village near Bokhara, put on the rags of a Sufi ecstatic and asserted that he could converse with supernatural beings. Quite respectable people swore they saw him curing blind men. 'If I should see such things,' comments Juvaini, 'I should concern myself with the treatment of my eyesight.' Soon Mahmud had a large following. Presently astrologers told him that a man of Tarab was destined to conquer the world and that his horoscope proved him to be the man. At this he incited the villagers to revolt. Hearing that a rising was imminent, the authorities of Bokhara sent him a flattering invitation to visit the city, planning to have him killed on the road. When it came to the point, however, the persons ordered to do the business were afraid to touch him. On his entering the streets, a huge crowd collected. 'The bazaar was so filled that there was not even room for a cat to pass.' They demanded his blessing. The press was such that the only way to give it was from a roof. Thence,

> he rained down spittle upon them. Every person on whom there fell a sprinkling departed to his home smiling and contented.

The authorities were powerless in the face of such popular enthusiasm. The demonstrations ended by the mob taking the city. A reign of terror began; many notables were put to death. To convince his supporters that his rebellion could not be put down, Mahmud claimed that his army was partly composed of angels. Anyone who said he could not see them, had his eyes opened with a stick. Meanwhile notables who had escaped got help from a military camp some distance away. A Mongol regiment was sent. Mahmud confronted it with a rabble of 'market loungers' who had no proper weapons or armour. But the loungers were unafraid, for he had made it widely known that anyone who raised a hand against them would be paralysed. Learning of this threat and unnerved by a sudden dust storm, called up by magic as they supposed, the Mongol troops fled. But Mahmud was mortally wounded by a chance arrow.

MAURICE COLLIS

'Very funny & touching–'

wrote **Pamela Hansford Johnson**
in last week's New Statesman

'—*Young Man in the Sun* is about a young Englishman whose lot it is to sell refrigerators in Calcutta . . . It is all very funny and touching, written precisely, but without the least affectation. It is as sharp as a needle in its perception . . . The squalor of the streets, the rank poverty and the wealth to which dirt still clings, the beautiful girl and her gruesome Burmese ayah, these things and these persons fairly jump with life as the air jumps in a heat wave.'

The Times:

'Actively, positively funny—the young man has the pathos of the true clown.'

Daily Telegraph:

'He tells his tale with wit and a sparkling clarity that produces a fresh and unforgettable picture of the under-side of that great city.'

Young man in the sun

by PETER GREAVE (15s)

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Detection

The Long Farewell. By MICHAEL INNES. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Suffer a Witch. By NIGEL FITZGERALD. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Seeing Eye. By JOSEPHINE BELL. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Finishing Stroke. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Death in Seven Volumes. By DOUGLAS G. BROWNE. *Macdonald.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Murder on the Brain. By ANTHONY HECKSTALL-SMITH. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fair Prey. By WILL DUKE. *Boardman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Some Women Won't Wait. By A. A. FAIR. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Last year's change in the Capital Punishment law has already affected the English detective story. No longer can our authors who wish to keep abreast of the times dismiss their murderers summarily to the gallows in the last chapter. Yet to allow these fictitious villains to survive their misdeeds would be manifestly untidy and almost immoral. Die they must; and since the state unobligingly backs out, suicide must be called in to the rescue. Of the four English writers in the list three have chosen this obvious escape route. Miss Bell alone steels herself to accept the bathos of a modern verdict of homicide. The change bodes ill for the future. Murderers who prefer death to a spell in gaol are not the hardened monsters we wish to hunt down. Besides, suicide always smacks of an unbalanced mind; and the average reader detests the Broadmoor type of solution as allowing the author far too much scope for introducing lunatic motives and imbecile behaviour. We want to pit our minds against utterly sane and devilish contrivance and not the half-baked crimes of diminished responsibility.

'Come in' shouts an English voice in a villa on the shores of Lake Garda when Sir John Appleby knocks on the door to pay an unexpected call – and we are launched on *The Long Farewell,* one of Michael Innes's less happy ventures into the picaresque realms of detection that he favours. The voice originates from a fat Shakespearian scholar, and the title suggests that we are to be regaled with variations on the theme of *Othello,* but don't you believe it! The advantages of picaresque writing are that no characters introduced need be related to the plot, no orderly sequence of events is required, and no Shakespeare quotations need mean a thing except that the author is an Eng. Lit. don at Oxford. Michael Innes's affable style carries one whirring along; but it takes Appleby twenty pages at the end to tidy up the mess, and the last quotation from *Othello* candidly forestalls the reader's verdict – 'Oh! most lame and impotent conclusion'.

Mr Fitzgerald is another Eng. Lit. author who waves quotations at the head of each chapter to impress and mystify the customers. But the basic merit of *Suffer a Witch* atones for the touch of flamboyance. This is an extremely tricky murder in Ireland. The introduction of witchcraft, however, may raise a few hackles of antipathy before one accepts it as just clean Irish fun. How can a person be spirited from a crowded Post Office to a mansion miles away without apparent human intervention? Broomsticks? Fiddlesticks! Just scan the map on page 81, and don't forget the clue of the sanctuary lamp.

Miss Josephine Bell returns to her best form in *The Seeing Eye.* Who knocked off the celebrated art critic in what must be the Tate Gallery, thinly disguised? The disgruntled art student, the neurotic boy-friend, the shady psychiatrist, the covetous eye-surgeon, or some still more dubious character? Miss Bell loads her dice a little unfairly, so no reader need cudgel his brains. If he fails to spot the winner by osmosis – the only trusty method in such circumstances – he will be in good company. This is one case which Dr Wintringham, relying on the primitive apparatus of reasoning, does not solve.

Nor does Ellery Queen solve *The Finishing Stroke* – perhaps the latest gimmick is for detectives *not* to solve their cases – until twenty-eight years after it occurs, although the deaths at the Christmas house-party in 1929 were heralded by twelve cryptic messages from the intending murderer. This is old-fangled stuff, including a challenge to the reader on page 224 which should be warmly accepted. Unless stunned by nostalgia for the good old days or bemused by the pedantic clap-trap, why not murmur 'Elementary, my dear Queen'?

If publishers and authors expect their detection to be taken seriously they should be scrupulous in their blurbs. There is a false statement on the flyleaf of *Death in Seven Volumes* which makes a mockery of the entire plot. Apart from this dastardly preface the book can be mildly recommended, provided one can stand the saturnine whimsicalities of Mr Tuke. A cryptic message concealed on the sedate shelves of the London Library brings death in its wake, and an opportunity for Mr Browne to display his literary talent for dialogue, character, scenery and the home life of Scotland Yard – anything, in fact, to get away from the grim task of finding a satisfactory solution for the murder he has perpetrated.

The leading comedian is shot on the stage of a seaside resort by the soubrette. Who changed the blank cartridge for a live round in the wings? This simple enough question is posed in *Murder on the Brain,* but far too many people had both opportunity and motive: the killer has to kill again to help us and his author out. Mr Heckstall-Smith exploits the dubious morals of the theatrical world, but his sympathies are far too freely shown, if he hopes to mislead us: the solution should be money for jam.

The last two items bring a breath of fresh air in and some crisp prose from California. *Fair Prey* revolves round golf, and the apparently gruelling business of competing in American professional championships. We hardly leave the course except to retire to the clubhouse for an occasional snifter. Incidentally, the title, as so often, is incorrect: the body is actually to be found in the rough. Who broke its neck? Blackmail ensues, and some trouble with the hero's middle irons, and more trouble with 'a low handicap girl with a millionaire father'. Mr Duke writes with authority on golf and hits a long ball down the detective fairway. The reader will need eyes like a caddy to see where it lands.

Some Women Won't Wait takes us to Hawaii, where Larn and Cool (Erle Stanley Gardner's second eleven) are all set to protect a girl from blackmail when the blackmailer conveniently expires with a bullet in bed. Readers should jump at this free trip to Waikiki; and as an extra inducement I can promise them that they should find no difficulty at all in reaching the right homicidal conclusion.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Long Knives

The Sicilian Vespers. By STEVEN RUNCIMAN. *Cambridge. 27s. 6d.*

For the French rulers of Sicily, the night of Easter Monday in Palermo in the year 1282 was the night of the long knives. As the church bells tolled for Vespers, the air was filled with uglier sounds – hoarse angry cries, running feet, and the screams of the dying. All over the city could be heard the grim, fatal murmur of a mob out for blood. Through the streets came desperate men, frightened by their own savagery, armed with daggers and swords. They burst into inns and private houses, butchering every Frenchman they found. Not even women and children were safe from them. Dominican and Franciscan friars were seized with the rest and ordered to pronounce the word '*ciciri*'. Those who spoke with a French accent were done to death. By the following morning, some two thousand people had been killed; and not long afterwards, Palermo's example was followed elsewhere. The French attempted to 'pacify' the island: but the Sicilians and their allies outfought and outmanœuvred them; and among the results of the Sicilian 'Vespers', apart from Verdi's opera, were a century of Sicilian independence and an historic headache for the later rulers of united Italy.

The spark which exploded the massacre was struck when, as Gibbon described it, 'a noble damsel was rudely insulted by a French soldier': but this was its occasion rather than its cause. Dante blamed it on misrule – '*mala signoria, che sempre accora/li popoli suggetti*': others, including Gibbon, Voltaire, Mrs Hemans, and Verdi's librettist, ascribed it largely to the intrigues of 'the Great Conspirator', John of Procida, a Neapolitan exile in the pay of the House of Aragon. Sir Steven Runciman, in the present volume, judiciously balances these contrasting motifs, combining them in a masterly survey of thirteenth-century Mediterranean history. His story begins with the death of Frederick II of Hohenstaufen in December 1250. This brought a sigh of relief to the Papacy, which promised itself freedom at last from the long shadow of the overpowerful Emperor. But the Papacy needed an ally; and allies, if they were ambitious, could be dangerous. Such was the case with Charles of Anjou. Thirty years after Frederick's death, Charles was at the height of his power: King of Sicily, Jerusalem, and Albania, Count of Provence, Forcalquier, Anjou and Maine, Regent of Achæa, Overlord of Tunis, Senator of Rome, Grand Vicar of Tuscany – and uncle of the King of France. Here was a man potentially more dangerous than the Hohenstaufen. And in the spring of 1282 he was on the point of launching an attack on Constantinople which might have made him into a second Constantine the Great.

The Sicilian Vespers ensured that this attack was never launched: for, as Sir Steven reminds us, 'Byzantine diplomacy was still the best in the world'. Its instruments were the Sicilians, and its agents were the Aragonese. Just how the great conspiracy was organised remains in part a matter of conjecture: but Sir Steven elucidates its shadowy manœuvres with great plausibility and dramatic skill. The precise role of John of Procida is still uncertain: what is clear is the ambition of Peter of Aragon, the aptitude of the Sicilians for intrigue, and the tempting glitter of Byzantine gold. Together, they engineered the destruction of Charles of Anjou. Pinned down in Sicily, he saw that his fortunes were ruined, and prayed that they be ruined only gradually. So it was that his greatness fell from him, like riches in a fairy-tale. He died, a failure, three years later – a hard, unhappy, determined man of fifty-eight. According to Sir Steven's interpretation, the universal Papal monarchy died with him: but here, it seems to me, a note of caution should be sounded. The Papacy was not wholly committed to Charles's cause; nor did his downfall put an end to its ambitions. Indeed, had his Byzantine plans succeeded, the Church might well have found itself faced with a powerful foe. And it was in a rather different connection that Dante wrote '*Di' oggimai che la Chiesa di Roma,/per confondere in sè due reggimenti,/cade nel fango, e sè brutta e la soma*'.

And yet, in another sense, Dante had the last word: for it was he who insisted on the misrule that had helped provoke the revolt. This Sir Steven brings out most forcibly, citing French arrogance, Charles's robber economy, and above all the alien nature of Angevin administration. Even today, it takes more than bribes from the east or intrigue in the Mediterranean to arouse the cry of 'Death to the French!" And it's one of the merits of *The Sicilian Vespers* that without reproducing the theatricals of Scribe and Verdi or

Lord Vansittart

his autobiography

THE MIST PROCESSION

This is a book of the first importance, and also of a charm not always to be found in the autobiographies of men of affairs.

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

Daily Mail Book of the Month for May

Monday 35s.

Hutchinson

'Ah, now!

you must try some of this,' Mr Hancock said, as a plate, bearing what appeared to be two dead moles, was placed before her, 'this is the speshiality *de la maison*.'

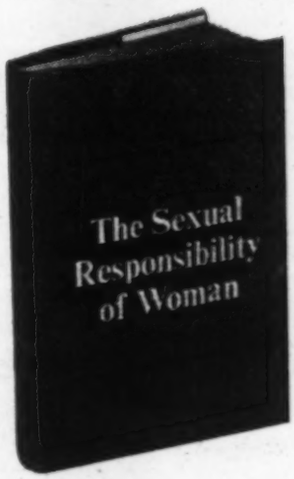
The 'her' in this snatch of conversation is the heroine of SUN TRAP, Felicity Shaw's second, well-punctuated, cool, funny novel which you can buy on Monday along with a clutch of (two) other interesting books which space forbids us to mention. There are more en route and those who can read this are invited to write to the Publisher, Anthony Blond, 39, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, for a catalogue (quoting the N.S. so that we can test its *pulling* power) and those who can't will have to pace up and down till May 24 when a relatively huge advertisement will appear complete with colophon, solid rule to attract the eye—the lot.

This book accomplishes what no other "marriage manual" has ever done before: to

AWAKEN WOMEN

whether long married, recent brides or brides-to-be, to the fact that the credit or the blame for sexual gratification is *not* the husband's alone. This book explains how a wife can best encourage and satisfy her husband so that together they may reach complete

SEXUAL CONTENTMENT



STRICTLY PERSONAL TO YOU

Order this book today, for yourself or as gifts for friends whom you think it will help

Here are only some of the 15 helpful, informative chapters:

WOMAN COMES OF AGE: Her new sexual responsibility—The missing "x" in the sexual equation—The place of women in history—The sexual obligation of men—The changing sexual relationship.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SEXUAL HARMONY: Sexual sharing—The dangers of sexual disharmony—Symptoms of sexual problems—Health and sexual adjustment.

THE HONEYMOON: The beginning of sexual life together—Choosing the place to go—The bride's initial responsibility—Sexual "awakening"—First intercourse—The dangers of premarital intercourse—Calming the groom's fears.

THE ART OF SEXUAL SATISFACTION: Basic principles of the sexual relationship—Lovemaking: the prelude—The sex act—The wife's responsibility for mutual success—The climax—Aftermath—Multiple orgasm—The "magic muscles".

The Associated Bookbuyers' Co.
KINGSWOOD · TADWORTH · SURREY

Send me.....copy/ies of **The Sexual Responsibility of Woman,** by Maxine Davis, price 15/- each (postage 1/- extra), for which I enclose £ s d

Name.....

Address.....

.....N/S 2

the patriotic ardours of Amari, it still doesn't bury the story in the textbook warfare of Empire and Papacy, but shows that the revolt was *about something*, and that hands, brains, and hearts, as well as money-bags, were the forces that wielded the long knives.

RICHARD MAYNE

World Striptease

The World Unveiled. By PAUL HERRMANN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 42*s*.

This is the second instalment of Herr Herrmann's mammoth work tracing the history of man's exploration of the earth's surface. The first, *Conquest by Man*, covered the period from the Stone Age to the fifteenth century; now the tale is resumed with Christopher Columbus and ends with the epics of African discovery in the latter half of the nineteenth. It is potted history at its most stimulating. Whether the author is following Columbus or Livingstone, Cortés or Foucauld, he writes as though he had been a fellow member of the expedition, filling his pages with anecdote and diary quotations, telling the story and imparting fact in a rushing stream of sur-journalese that proves a surprisingly effective medium for the task. He has developed a formula for transporting his reader to the desired time and place. He introduces Cortés:

> It was unbelievably hot, and yet the calendar only read 25 March 1519. At home in Spain, spring would now be in full blossom; the trees, the meadows and the fields decked with flowers and fresh leaves, and gentle breezes would be blowing from the mountains across the fertile plains. Here it was like an oven. The sun, like a disc of molten lead . . .

And Friedrich Hornemann:

> A delicious smell of apple tart filled the room. The fire sent flickers of light into the dark corners and cast a red glow over the heavy beams across the ceiling. . . . It was Friday night – the hour when Father was planning his Sunday sermon – and you had to be quiet as a mouse. But the boy sitting at the table had not the slightest wish to jump about and play games. He was lost in a thick volume open before him . . .

All this is as essentially Teutonic as the fact-crammed pills it sugars and the tremendous research that must lie behind each narrative; indeed the accumulation of fact we are asked to swallow is so vast and various that one can only marvel if it all be true. It is readily accessible for reference, for the book has comprehensive chapter synopses, index, bibliography, and map and illustration lists.

Because Herr Herrmann wants to transport his reader he amplifies or fills in with passages that are frankly conjectural. Intelligent conjecture it seems, needing no apology; and if he has no literary pretensions it is at the same time difficult to open the book anywhere without becoming immediately absorbed in his tale and the wealth of illustration in the text.

In sum it is a terrifying tale, and one upon which now we can look back from our standpoint at the edge of self-destruction with sadness and remorse. In the first few pages of Herr Herrmann's book is reproduced Dürer's woodcut of the Dance of Death, from Schedel's Nuremburg World Chronicle of 1493. 'The theme of Dürer's page belongs to the Middle Ages, and anyone wishing to publish an illustrated world history . . . had perforce to include a dance of death also.' For us this tableau may contain, perhaps, a symbolism more precise than any the artist intended; the female figure who has stripped off garment after garment for our sensual delight is the world itself, but, as in the woodcut, she has not finished her act with a naked and enticing body – the skin has been clawed from the flesh and the flesh from the bone, so that her exposed entrails dangle round her thighs as she pirouettes and her breasts hang down over the bare bone of her ribs. In lust we have tried to expose her body ever deeper and deeper, until at last we are confronted with a thing no longer of delight but of terror.

The history of man's uncovering of the earth's surface is the story of a single species upon it which has come up from nothing in an inexplicable moment of time, has groped its mad way over her skin destroying its own and all other kinds wherever it found them, and is now, after so few generations of existence, trying desperately to leave behind it the havoc it has wrought. We have reached the point of time at which serious men use the words 'Escape from this planet'.

GAVIN MAXWELL

The American compilation *Life: an Introduction to Biology* – by G. G. Simpson, C. S. Pittendrigh and L. H. Tiffany – is published over here by Routledge at 50s.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,470 **Set by L. Clarendon**

Workers who have to sell their homes and buy new ones to move to fresh jobs are to get larger Government grants. Competitors are asked to comment in not more than 12 lines of verse after Wordsworth ('I travelled among unknown men'); Goldsmith (*The Traveller*); Byron ('So we'll go no more a-roving'); R. L. Stevenson ('Home no more home to me, whither shall I wander'): or Eliot (*East Coker*: 'Home is where one starts from'). Entries by 13 May.

Result of No. 1,467 **Set by B. Mount**

It is some years since we set a clerihew: and we now invite contributors to compose one on any famous beauty in history or fiction.

Report

Helen's, I felt after emerging from a sea of entries, must be the face that launched a thousand clerihews. Nell Gwynne and La Gioconda were close behind her in popularity. After them came a long beauty chorus, including one or two male 'stunners'. It was sad to have to discard so many good entries, among them those from George Hurren, Desmond Skirrow, J. J. Hayton, Harry Fenn, Frances Krusin, Frankie Stanley and June F. Mercer. The prizes go to those asterisked, at the rate of half-a-guinea an asterisk.

*Of Dorian Gray
People would say:
'When you're nearer acquainted
You'll see he's been painted'.

*Said Nell Gywnn,
Of original sin:
'Any chap'll
Take an orange instead of an apple'.

HARDY AMIES

*Salome
Wasn't what you'd call 'homey'
Her dish for a feast
Was *Tête Baptiste*

JOYCE JOHNSON

**Diana Dors
Didn't start any wars;
But she launched a thousand quips
About busts and hips.

ALLAN M. LAING

*Emma
Was in a dilemma
When her hero, with all his charm,
Cried 'Come to my arm!'

LITTLE BILLEE

*Nelson's Emma
Puts us in an awkward dilemma.
We can hardly blame anyone who misbehaves
So that Britannia can rule the waves.

A. M. SAYERS

L'OMBRE D'UNE JEUNE FILLE

*Albertine
Might never have been,
Had an Albert
Not been there.

JEREMY KINGSTON

*I'll bet a tanner
That when Susanna
Got caught among the trees the one that held her
Was an Elder!

'Not again for a fiver!'
Confessed Lady Godiva.
'You'd never believe how much a horse itches
When you're not wearing breeches.'

LIVINGSTONE K. BLUNTMORE

Mona Lisa
Set Leonardo a teaser,
And centuries later
Was still puzzling Walter Pater.

ALASTAIR SMART

LA MAJA VESTIDA

*La Maja desnuda, by Goya,
Grew coyer and coyer
Until, to keep the pose on,
He let her put her clothes on.

EDMOND KAPP

*That Narcissus
Should acquire a missus
Was an idea that he rejected
After he'd reflected.

NORAH BONE

Who are we to condemn her,
Poor Bovary's Emma?
She couldn't avoid
Being pre-Freud.

E. C. JENKINS

MISS UNIVERSE

*Acclaimed the loveliest twixt earth and heaven
In 1957
By 1958
You're out of date.

ELIZABETH LISTER

City Lights

Twisted Braids of Lilies

Sabrina visited the Stock Exchange this week and enjoyed a rapturous welcome: very little else was happening there. Company news has been so unexpectedly good that the spoilt market turns sulky if it is mildly jolted, and it has been jolted several times recently. There was Cunard, for example, which planned to spend £8-10m. on a new transatlantic liner to replace the 28-year-old *Britannic* – a berth was reserved a year ago at John Brown's Clydebank yard and the keel was to have been laid this autumn. But Cunard's profits have fallen and it is unable for the moment to claim the full cash benefit of the 40 per cent. investment allowance. The building of the new liner has been postponed.

There was Rugby Portland Cement. Sir Halford Reddish was his usual breezy self so long as he kept to Socialism and nationalisation (*alien creed . . . virtual collapse of the pound sterling . . . more industries ready to give ear to the rumbling of the tumbril . . . urge them all to join in now*) but his

Company Meeting

THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY

SATISFACTORY RESULTS FOR 1957 DESPITE DIFFICULT TRADING CONDITIONS

The 49th annual general meeting of The British Petroleum Company Limited will be held on 22 May in London.

The following is an extract from the Statement by the Chairman, Sir Neville Gass, KBE, MC, which has been circulated to Stockholders.

Our Group Income Statement for the first six months for 1957, published in September last, showed a net income one-third less than in the same period for 1956, because of the lower sales and higher expenses caused by the Suez crisis. For the whole year of 1957, as forecast last December in the prospectus for our Convertible Debenture issue, Group sales tonnage and net income approximate closely to those for 1956, a satisfactory result considering that the adverse effects of the crisis had to be sustained for a longer period in 1957 than in 1956.

Difficult trading conditions already referred to make it more than usually hazardous to attempt at this early stage to forecast how results from our 1958 operations may compare with those for last year. Having had no increase in sales tonnage in 1957 we are hoping for higher figures in 1958; for the twelve months ended 31 March 1958, our sales amounted to over 57 million tons compared with 53 million tons in 1957.

After reviewing the financial results for the year the statement continued: Your Directors have recommended a final dividend on the Ordinary Stock of 2s. per £1 stock unit free of income tax, making a total for the year of 3s. per £1 stock unit free of income tax. They consider that no increase in dividend should now be paid in view of the disturbed conditions which have developed in the world oil markets.

The Revenue Reserves now total £151,549,632 having been increased this year by a total of £33,358,886.

Your Directors recognise that Reserves have reached a level which calls for measures of capitalisation of reserves in part, and they contemplate recommending such action later in the year unless unforeseen conditions arise.

PRODUCTION AND REFINING

In 1957 our main sources of crude oil were again Kuwait, Iran, Iraq and Qatar, from which we obtained some 48,700,000 tons. By reason of the Suez crisis this was about 1,000,000 tons less in 1956 but still some 3,000,000 tons more than in 1955, the last normal year.

During the early part of 1957 BP Group refinery throughputs and also our processing arrangements at other refineries were seriously affected by the dislocation in crude oil supplies caused by the closing of the Suez canal and interruptions to the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline deliveries to the Mediterranean. In the circumstances it is satisfactory to record that our total throughput for the year of 32,100,000 tons was only 400,000 tons less than in 1956.

Major expansion in the Group's activities for the manufacture of chemicals from petroleum in the United Kingdom, France and Germany took place during the year. In the United Kingdom, the three companies in which BP participates have operated very satisfactorily with all manufacturing units maintaining a high output of intermediate petroleum chemicals. When plants now being built are completed, the production of chemicals at Grangemouth will approach 200,000 tons per annum.

DISTRIBUTION AND SALES

The BP Group's sales of crude oil and refined products in 1957 totalled, as in 1956, approximately 53 million tons; a reduction in the first half of the year, due to the effects of Suez, was made good during the second half of the year.

In the United Kingdom consumption of petroleum products, severely curtailed in the early months of the year by the motor fuel rationing schemes and other restrictions in force from December 1956, to May 1957, showed a decrease of 2½% in 1957 compared with an increase of 8½% in 1956. Our associated marketing company, Shell-Mex and B.P. Limited, maintained their leading position in the market, their sales showing only a small decrease in line with the decrease in consumption.

Our trade on the continent of Europe was also affected by supply difficulties and restrictions on consumption, and for the year our deliveries fell short of the 1956 level by some 7%. East of Suez our markets were not subject to the same restrictions.

The BP International Oil Bunkering Service was also considerably affected in the early months of the year by the Suez emergency and in the latter part of the year by a slackening in world shipping activity. Despite this our bunker sales reached a level equivalent to the average of the preceding two record years.

BP Aviation Service has further extended its field of operations and our sales of aviation fuels have continued to increase. The demand for BP Energol branded lubricants continues to increase.

As reported last year, both the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition and its New Zealand contingent, were exclusively supplied with BP petroleum products. The Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition has also been exclusively supplied with BP products.

In the field of motor racing every Formula I Grand Prix race counting for the World Championship in 1957 was won on BP products. This is a remarkable achievement unequalled hitherto.

PERSONNEL

It is much more than a convention that this statement should end with an expression of thanks to the Group's personnel, for the success of our operations is principally due to the enthusiasm and ability of the whole body of our employees. I am sure, therefore, that you would wish me on your behalf to record our high appreciation of their work wherever they may be.

YOUR PEN
CAN PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY

Wherever you take your holiday this year, your pen can pay the cost—and more! More and more papers and magazines are interested in articles and stories with a holiday flavour. The mind when in fresh surroundings develops an alertness and stores up material which the trained writer can always use.

If you feel attracted to any form of writing, you should seek the School's advice. The free book "Writing for the Press" makes no extravagant promises but describes moderately the methods of the School and shows how you can enter a field that is open to all. The fees are low—advice is free from

Prospectus Office:

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
19 Hertford St., Park Lane, W.1. GRO 8250

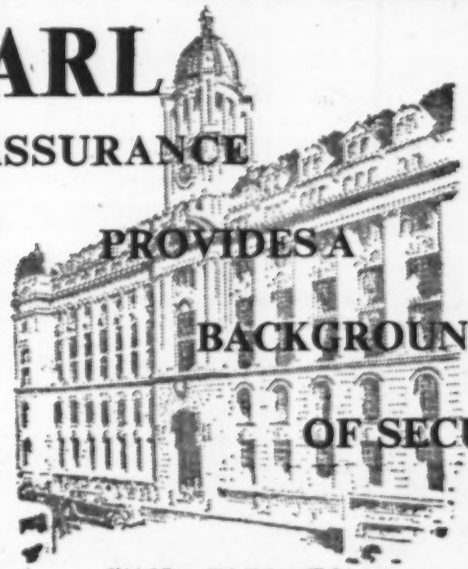
Courses of Home Study for
LONDON UNIVERSITY DEGREES AND DIPLOMAS

U.C.C., founded 1887, provides postal courses for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), and higher exams. for DEGREES (B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., *open without residence*), Diplomas in Public Administration, Social Studies, Post-Graduate Certificate in Education. Also for G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies), Law, A.C.P., L.C.P., etc. The College, an Educational Trust, has a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees.

★ PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
70 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

PEARL
ASSURANCE
PROVIDES A
BACKGROUND
OF SECURITY



Chief Offices: High Holborn, W.C.1

Claims paid in 1957 by the Pearl Assurance Company Ltd., exceed **£16 millions** in the Life Branches and **£6 millions** in the Fire and Accident Branches.

The sum of **£5,142,015**, has been allocated to provide bonuses and other additional benefits for policyholders in the Life Branches.

The Ordinary Life Branch bonus for 1957 is at the rate of **£2-2-0** per £100 sum assured or annuity on United Kingdom policies entitled to participate in full profits.

Assets exceed £260,000,000.

Chairman: Geoffrey Kitchen, T.D., M.A.

PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

Face the future with **PEARL** *assurance*

voice faltered a little when he got down to describing the outlook for cement. When Sir Halford falters, the City trembles.

And there was Shell. Lord Godber was strong on the long-term outlook, but 'competition is as severe as it has ever been' (sic) and these trading conditions can be expected 'to have an adverse influence on profits'. Competition, of course, is something with which the oil companies are ill-fitted to deal, and Shell had an unusually good year on the strength of the Suez crisis – but company chairmen like to exaggerate their difficulties and claim credit in advance for next year's surprisingly good results.

* * *

The firmness of industrial equities – prices have been running some 10 per cent. above the low level of February – is partly due to the more hopeful outlook of Wall Street, mainly to the strength of the gilt-edged market. Investors are still expecting an early cut in Bank rate; the Treasury bill rate fell to under 5⅜ per cent. last week, and gilt-edged prices are gradually rising despite heavy government sales of stock. The government has sold so much stock, in fact, that it has been able this week to offer to holders of the £676m. 4 per cent. conversion, maturing in June, conversion into one of two new issues – a 4¾ per cent. 5-year issue and a 5¼ per cent. 16-year issue. The banks and discount houses who hold a large part of the maturing issue will probably convert into the new short: the government, which is believed to have bought up over half of the maturing issue, will presumably convert into the 16-year issue and sell it as needed to moderate the rise in market prices. No fresh cash is being asked from the public, and the public feels relieved.

The firmness of the market is only marginally due to Bank rate speculation. The main factor at work has been heavy buying by the banks who fear that the demand for advances may fall off and that present yields may not persist for long. The slackening of business activity and the fall in raw material prices has released a considerable volume of company money for repaying overdrafts and investing in bills and bonds.

* * *

Good news for record fans. The boom is slackening and the club idea is catching on. The Rank Organisation, therefore, has decided to start a record club – connected in some unspecified way with its cinemas – which will issue long-players, the first batch in 2-3 months' time. Decca, similarly, is to introduce records labelled Ace of Clubs at prices below those of its present labels.

Bad news for motorists. The insurance companies claim that they are still doing badly on motoring, particularly in North America. Chairmen are muttering ominous warnings – 'All the indications are that the increases in premium rates of last July may well prove to be inadequate' (Pearl); 'The public must anticipate further increases in premium rates in the not-too-distant future' (General Accident & Life); 'A further rise in premium ratings in many countries is overdue and must come' (London & Lancashire). A good deal of the trouble seems to be due to the design of modern cars. Perhaps the manufacturers and the insurers should get together.

TAURUS

BUILD YOUR FUTURE

Wisely • Safely

Let your money earn

4%

Free of Income Tax

Interest accrues from date of investment
"Guide for Investors" sent on request

ST. PANCRAS BUILDING SOCIETY

For social saving
Total assets exceed £2,000,000

200 Finchley Road, N.W.3

LATEX FOAM CUSHIONS

AT SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICES.

REVERSIBLE.	Front.	Back.	Back to front.	
3" domed to 4"	18"	18"	18"	22/6
3½" " 4½"	20½"	20½"	21½"	29/6
4" " 5½"	20½"	17"	23½"	29/6
NON-REVERSIBLE.				
4" domed to 5"	19"	17"	19"	19/6
4" " 5"	19½"	17½"	20½"	23/6
5" " 8½"	15"	15"	15"	17/-
1" thick Sheets	40" x 15"			9/-
1" "	15" x 15"			4/6

2" reversible Cushions in Floral Cretonne.
12" x 12" @ 7/6; 15" x 15" @ 10/6; 18" x 18" @ 15/6 ea.

PILLOWS, MATTRESSES, &C. SEND FOR LISTS & BROCHURE.
ALL CARR. PAID. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

RIGHTWAY PRODUCTS

134, Common Garden St., Lancaster.

LANGUAGE COURSES WITH YOUR TAPE RECORDER IN 30 DAYS

15 complete Conversational lessons for beginners in Spanish, German, French, Italian and Russian. One Single Tape comprises a complete elementary course in any of the above languages.

Retail Price £3.3.0

Also full comprehensive language course consisting of 2 hours recording. Retail price £6 6s. 0d. including handbook.

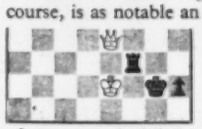
Please write for explanatory leaflet

TUTOR-TAPE COMPANY
70 BREWER STREET, LONDON, W.1
GERrard 3376

The Chess Board

No. 442. Harping on the Same Theme

I dare say that most readers—even the much neglected problem addicts—approve of my predilection for endgame studies, the most obvious of various reasons being the practical advantage to be gained for one's prowess at endgames. That point has been proved often enough, but seldom as neatly as in a recent *Schach-Echo* article by Berthold Schwarz who, of course, is as notable an endgame expert as one would



expect after his meticulous translation of Chéron's standard work. Now here's a position he had against an opponent who, even though of master-rank, failed to see his doom. Queening the P he switched off the clock and said: "Obviously a draw, isn't it?" Schwarz proved that it wasn't.

(1) Q x R ch, K-R7; (2) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt8; (3) Q-B5 ch, K-R7; (4) Q-K5 ch, K-Kt8; (5) Q-Q4 ch! K-R7; (6) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt7; (7) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R7; (8) K-B2!

Here Black resigned, but he could have saved himself his last eight moves had he known this famous old study of Berger's. /24/3K4/16/2p1Q3/1k6/. White to move and win, thereby proving an exception to the rule that a BP advanced to the 7th usually draws, on account of the K going into the corner and being stalemated when the Q takes the P. Here, though, White can win by (1) K-B4, P=Q ch; (2) K-Kt3! Or (1) . . .K-R8; (2) Q-Q2, K-Kt8; (3) K-Kt3.

This study is at least as old as our century, but the basic idea may well be called as old as the hill if I didn't suspect that most hills are rather older than 370 years. It was about 1590 that Polerio first expressed the idea in one of his most famous studies. /8/7p/32/P3K1k1/8/. Black to move and White to win.

(1) . . . P-R4; (2) P-R4, P-R5; (3) P-R5, P-R6; (4) P-R6, P-R7; (5) P-R7, P=Q; (6) P=Q ch, K-Kt8; (7) Q-QR1 ch, K-Kt7; (8) Q-Kt7 ch, K-R6! ; (9) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt7; (10) Q-Kt5 ch, K-R6; (11) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt7; (12) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R7; (13) K-B2! etc

Only a decade or two later, Salvio gave the idea its simplest possible form. /8/PK6/16/3k4/7q/16/. Black to move and win by . . . Q-Q2 ch; (2) K-Kt8, K-B4; (3) P=Q, K-Kt3. Obviously (2) K-Kt6 is defeated by Q-Q4. Here, in a well-known study by Henri Rinck the basic idea is neatly camouflaged. /8/B1p2p1P/8/4p3/8/k7/p2K4/8/. White wins.

(1) B-Q4!, P x B; (2) P—Q, P—Q; (3) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt7 ;(4) Q-Kt7 ch, K-R7! (5) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt8; (6) Q-Q3 ch, K-R7; (7) Q-B4 ch, K-R6; (8) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt7, (9) Q-Kt5 ch, K-R6; (10) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt7; (11) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R7; (12) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt7; (13) Q-Q4 ch, K-Kt8!; (14) Q-K4 ch, K-R7; (15) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt7; (16) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R7; (17) K-B2! etc.

Finally, a significant game position (Löchner-Westenberger, 1951) dug out by Berthold Schwarz. /8/5K2/8/4k1p1/6Pp/7P/16/.

(1) K-Kt6, K-B5; (2) K-R6, K-Kt6; (3) K x P, K x P; (4) K-B4!, K-Kt7; (5) P-Kt5, P-R6; (6) P-Kt6, P-R7; (7) P-Kt7, P—Q; (8) P=Q ch, K-B8; (9) Q-B4 ch, K-B7; (10) Q-B2 ch, K-Kt8; (11) Q-Q1 ch, K-Kt7; (12) Q-K2 ch, K-Kt8; (13) K-Kt3!, resigns.

A: J. Moravec 1913

B: A. S. Selesniev

C: T. B. Gorgiev

After so much cribbing even our beginners will find **A** an easy 4-pointer with the useful hint that the P at g7 helps the enemy to win. Why? For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B**, a draw, and **C**, a win, are equally clear-cut thematically. Usual prizes. Entries by 12 May.

REPORT on No. 439. Set 12 April

A: (1) Kt x P, P x Kt; (2) Q x P, P-K3; (3) B-K4, R-B4; (4) R x R, P x R; (5) B-Q5 ch

B: (1) P-R5!, P x RP; (2) P-KKt6, P x KtP; (3) P-K6, P x P; (4) P-B5, P x P; (5) P-R6! (P-Kt6?), P x P; (6) P-Kt6, P x P stalemate

C: (1) B-B2!, R x P!; (2) B-Kt6, R-R6; (3) B-B5, R-R8; (4) B-Q4, R-R6; (5) B-Kt2, R-R4; (6) B-B3, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: L. G. Buxton, M. P. Furmston, L. G. Kennion, J. W. Lane, W. T. Maccall.

ASSIAC

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1
Telephone HOLborn 8471

PERSONAL

2 yng men seek evg & weekend emplmt. Anything undertaken. Own car. Box 44.

YOUR travel problem solved. Hillman Minx with driver anywhere in Europe, June-September. Seats three, 10d. a mile - no extras! 7 days waiting time free. Box 165.

METHOD Workshop offers training and productions to Actors & Actresses. Write Marowitz, 24 Tregunter Rd, SW10.

TWO students require summer vacation work. Will do anything. Box 30.

STUDIO to let, approx. 12ft × 6ft, excellent light, Sutherland Ave, W9. 20s. p.w. LORds 1396. (Mrs Branson.)

BROTHER and sister aged 2½ and 6, coloured, need permanent Roman Catholic foster home where together they can find security and happiness. Apply LCC Area Children's Officer, 75a Mildmay Park, London, N1. (703)

HOUSE Manageress required for flatlet house (14 flatlets) for elderly people. Light supervisory duties in exchange for rent free flat. Box 173.

THREE men required tour Continent, taxi, August. Box 9836.

10% discount to readers. All household electrical goods, washers, fridges, radios, TV, etc. MOU. 6597.

GERMAN boy (19), son of engineer, living near Nürnberg, wishes arrange exch. for summer holidays with English boy. Approx. 3 weeks in each country. Box 9708.

HUMANISM - a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester, for price list of our surgical goods, etc.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N. 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Comtte. Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Store, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

YOUR Writing Success begins with 'Know-How'. Free year's subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers. Send for Free N.3. 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No Sales - No Fees tuition. B. A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

SPINET, about 50 yrs old; £60. Seen W5. Box 1.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

COSTA Brava. Villas and flats to let. Only August full. May and June half price. Details: Dr C. J. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sx.

TALENTED boys and girls over 12 to train for stage. Write with recent photo to: Progressive Management. Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, W1.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. Ken. 1586.

FRENCH Conversation Courses for Beginners. Discussion groups. Private lessons. - The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2. TRAfalgar 2044.

GOOD country homes wanted for fine wire-haired fox terrier puppies. 3 & 4 gns. 10 Primrose Gardens, NW3. PRI. 0029.

BALKANS Coach tour: dep. May 27. 3 seats (women). PRI. 4068. Box 175.

PERSONAL—continued

EXPD. Sec./Sh.T., free-lance, offers services. Few or many hours. Box 182.

ST Tropez, S. France. Flat available 17-30 Sept. Sleep 3. Box 66.

MORRIS Minor with driver avail. Continental hol. fortnight July-Aug. Box 72.

EARN Money Songwriting. Interesting free book tells how. Send 2d. stamp to Linton School of Songwriting (Desk N), 20, Denmark Street, London, WC2.

INFORMAL Music Group. Players invited to contact Mrs Dunn, HAMpstead 8109.

SOCIETY - Can it be improved? Contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Secretary (E), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

OUTINGS in Springtime: 10 May 'Bring & Buy at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; 16 May 'Festival of Folkdance' (incl. Morris team); 23 May 'Whitsun Festival'.

EIGHT days on Adriatic Coast, three seats available 1958 Minx. June-September. Return fare £30. Box 164.

LYRICS, sketches and bloodcurdling one-act plays required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

DO rising prices cause misgiving? Then smoke "Tom Long" and life's worth living.

EIGHT days on Sylt, three seats available 1958 Minx. June, July or August. Return fare £20. Box 163.

SPAIN, Russia, Rivieras, etc., seats avail. priv. cars touring above 2/3 wks. Autoplaces (E), 139 Strand, WC2. TEM. 5295.

WHITSUN Holidays. You can still be included on one of our Whitsun parties in Britain (Berkshire, Kent, Devon, The Channel Islands) or on one of our Continental Whitsun or Spring Flower parties. Costs from £7 18s. 6d. Contact Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'THE Liberal Ghost', a sparkling piece by R. P. Arnot in May Labour Monthly. George James (NUR Executive) writes 'Crisis on the Rails'; 'Wages and the Economic Situation' examined in R. P. Dutt's Notes of the Month. 1s. 8d. post free, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

SECURITY? Read Wilhelm Ropke's 'Welfare, Freedom and Inflation'? Now selling widely. Cloth 7s. 6d., paper 3s. 6d. Pall Mall Press, 123, Pall Mall, SW1.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 58a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 3030.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

ENCORE. Is the May/June issue better than ever? Impossible? Buy it today and judge for yourself - or send 10s. to 25, Howland Street, W1 for 6 issues.

COST of Social Services: Railmen's Case; Labour Research, 9d. (11s. p.a.). 2 Soho Square, W1.

MOUNTAINEERING: Books, prints, maps. Secondhand. Send for lists. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sussex. Sell your unwanted Mountain books to us.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

BAKER St Kitchen for something different. 7 Crawford St, Baker St. WEL. 9625.

SPANISH Caprice, by Rimsky Korsakov. El Cid Amontillado, by Duff Gordon. The perfect pair for an evening of rhapsodie espagnole. Ole!

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

EXPERT Dupg./Typg. Theses, MSS, plays. Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM. 5984.

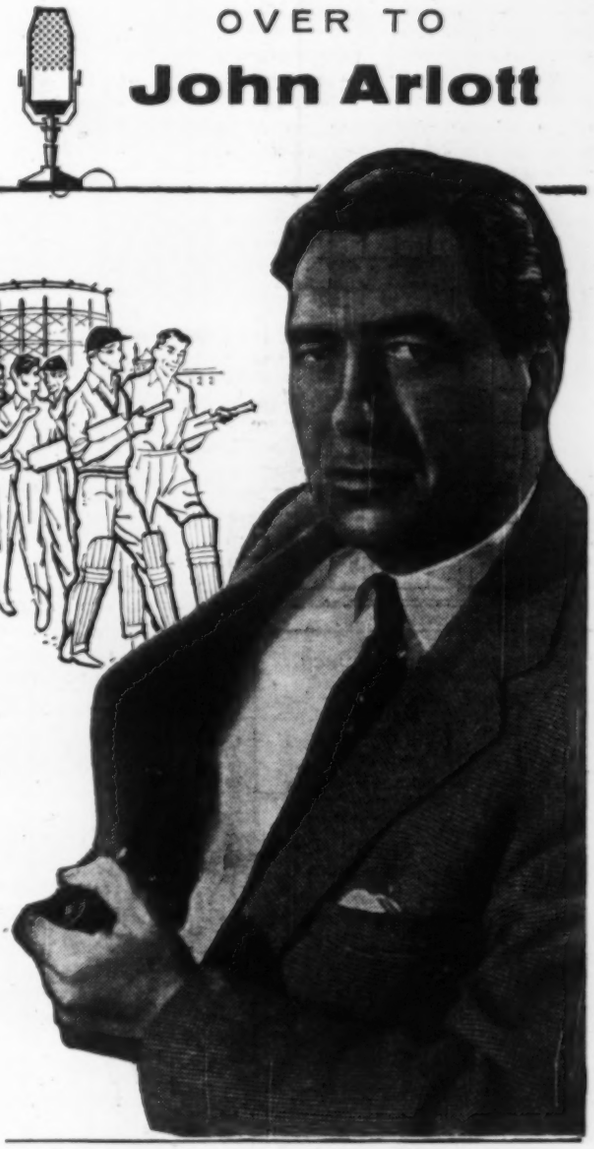
FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB. 3722, Rush jobs.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd, 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

DUPLICATING, Typewriting & all secretarial Services. Circulars prepared and dispatched. Dictation by telephone. Music copying and reproduction. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplication service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES 5809.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

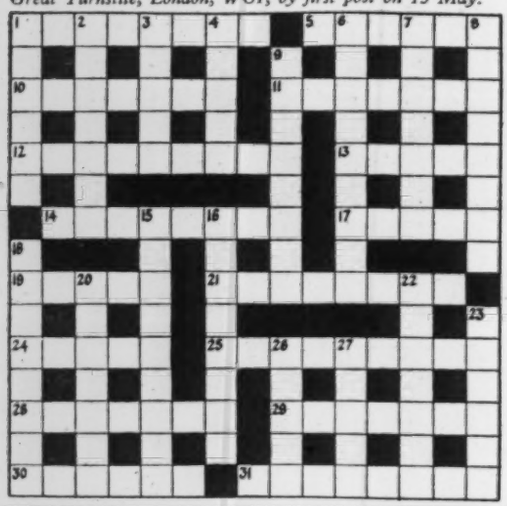


An hour to go before my next commentary.
Time to enjoy a pipe of St. Bruno . . .
the only tobacco which really satisfies me. St. Bruno has a very special flavour that I do enjoy. Yes, St. Bruno is a companionable tobacco . . . slow burning and satisfying.

You're bound to like
ST. BRUNO
The most popular flake of all
4/6 an ounce

Week-end Crossword 301

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 301, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 13 May.



ACROSS

1. It takes a cap to play cunningly in a brilliant soccer performance (8).
5. Loose among a cheerful company of stars (6).
10. Plain not under control (7).
11. Communicates the cunning of the devil (7).
12. The dialect has at first to preserve vocal inflexions (9).
13. A girl married for a country (5).
14. A lot of women go crazy with the serial (8).
17. Takes minced meat (5).
19. If I entered what is demolished it would be built up again (5).
21. Born penniless and unwanted (8).
24. Release for the negro crowd (5).
25. God comes before the chosen people slowly (9).
28. Annoyance, but it makes one look cheerful after tea (7).
29. A lot of soldiers enclose a couple of pounds for a slattern (7).
30. Saw which may do for declaring (6).
31. Regard as not penalisable in credit (8).

DOWN

1. Premonition about a part of the body (6).
2. Roman poet with recent English translation (7).
3. Name which would be nothing if the register were missing (5).
4. The nucleus has to worry about a penny (5).
6. Estimate of a friend about the corruption of Paris (9).
7. Settle on a river over the mountains (7).
8. Veils the shy with a mask perhaps (8).
9. Guide, philosopher, and half the circumstance in which a friend is required (8).
15. Star a boy is about to exclude (9).
16. The climber has to yearn to come down to earth (8).
18. Yields a leader among professionals (8).
20. Count on a girl for the abstract (7).
22. Provided homes for the sober amid the ruins of Leeds (7).
23. Craftsman who would start to collaborate (6).
26. If in the open, this proportion would make work (5).
27. Rings giving expression denoting destination before flights (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 299

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 299

A. M. Jones (Sutton), Mrs C. Holloway (Birmingham, 10), John Walker (Edinburgh, 11)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL
Education Committee

BRUNEL COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W3

Required for 1 September, 1958:—

LECTURER in ENGLISH in the Department of Management and Production Engineering to teach full-time students of science and engineering, and to help with the educational developments in the College particularly associated with sandwich courses leading to the Diploma in Technology.
Candidates must have a degree in English; some understanding of the educational problems encountered in working closely with industrial firms would be an advantage
Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Technical) Report 1956, i.e., £1,200 × £30 – £1,350 plus London allowance.
Application forms and further particulars (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Principal, to whom completed forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

C. E. GURR, M.Sc., Ph.D.,
Clerk to the Governing Body.

THE UNION OF SHOP, DISTRIBUTIVE AND ALLIED WORKERS

(352,000 members) proposes to appoint a full-time EDUCATION OFFICER, whose duties would include the direction and supervision of the various educational services to the Union's members and the organisation of, and lecturing at, schools and classes. Form of application, which is requ to be completed and returned not later than 22 May, 1958, and further particulars and details of salary and conditions are available on request (in envelope marked 'Education Officer') from USDAW Central Office, 188 Wilmslow Road, Manchester, 14.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle upon Tyne. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for two vacancies for trainee Psychiatric Social Workers in this Department, which consists of an out-patient clinic in the teaching hospital with associated out-patient, in-patient and child psychiatry units at the Newcastle General Hospital. The post offers a good opportunity for practical experience which would be of value to anyone wishing to proceed to further training. Candidates should be at least 22 years of age and should hold a Degree with a Postgraduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate. Appointments will be for a period of one year from 1 October 1958. Salary £450 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom three copies of application, which should include the names of two referees, should be submitted not later than 24 May 1958. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Producer, Music Productions, Television in London. Duties: to initiate, formulate, and be responsible for planning and carrying out programme ideas. Good educational background, a wide and general knowledge of the musical repertoire, together with some professional qualifications, and previous experience in Television, the Theatre or Films essential. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.611 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Sports Editor in Bristol to be responsible to West Regional News Editor for Region's output (Sound and Television) of all broadcasts dealing with sport. Principal duties include responsibility for bulletins of sports results and sports programmes of the magazine type in Sound and Television. Will also organise Sound outside broadcasts of sporting fixtures and share in general duties of News Department when available. Expected to cultivate friendly relations with sporting organisations. Journalistic experience, knowledge of West Country and its sporting interests and personalities required. Ability to broadcast desirable. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.613 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1 within five days.

BBC requires Product a Assistant, Television News in Manchester to assist in presentation and development of Television News Programmes in North Region. Duties include direction of cameras, co-ordination of production teams, liaison with servicing departments, assistance in programme administration and rehearsal, organisation and editing of news film. Practical production experience in Television or Films, sound educational background and some journalistic experience desirable. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.618 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1 within five days.

AIR Ministry: Translator in Spanish. Post in London for man or woman aged at least 21 on 1 June 1958. Prospects of permanency. Spanish to at least second-class honours degree standard. Those taking final examinations in summer 1958 may apply. High Standard of written English. Portuguese an advantage. Starting salary £510 to £655. Maximum £1,050. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 4832/58. Closing date 19 May 1958.

BERKSHIRE County Council – Children's Department – Applications are invited for the post of specialist Child Care Officer to undertake Preventive Work with families in the Eastern area of the County. Candidates should hold a Social Science Diploma or other appropriate qualification and should have had experience of work with problem families. Salary within APT I. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from: – The Children's Officer (Dept. GSN1), 35 Bath Road, Reading. Closing date within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Oxford Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. Extra Mural Staff Tutor required for Oxfordshire, with special qualifications in one or more of following subjects: Philosophy, Social Studies (including Geography), History, History of Art, History of Science. Adult education experience essential. Salary: (Probationary) £700-£900 or £900-£1,650. Starting point according to qualifications, experience and age. Further particulars and application form obtainable from Secretary, Oxford University Tutorial Classes Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Sq, Oxford. Closing date 10 May.

DSIR requires Assistant Publications Officer (man or woman) at Building Research Station, Garston, Herts, to prepare publications for building industry based on Station's chemical, physical, engineering and operational research. Pass degree in science subjects and industrial experience including writing of technical reports desirable. Salary (men, 26 or over) £920-£1,130. Forms from MLNS, Technical & Scientific Register (K), 26 King St, London, SW1, quoting A138/8A.

MEMORIAL University of Newfoundland, St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Professor (preferably female) in the Teacher Training Department of the Faculty of Education. Duties: To teach Methods in Reading, Language and Arithmetic in Beginners' grade to Grade VI. Salary: $4,400-$6,000 on annual increments. Depending on qualifications, etc., appointment may be made above the minimum figure. There is provision for contribution towards transportation expenses and a liberal contributory Pension Plan exists. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Canada and London, is 10 June 1958.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Committee. Applications invited for the appointment of Warden of Heatham House Youth Centre, Twickenham, from men or women with exper. in Youth Club or similar work and with a keen interest in promoting cultural & recreational activities. Membership 250-300 drawn from Youth organisations. Excellent facilities in attractive house & grounds. Salary APT.I, £575 – £725 p.a. plus London Weighting. Commencing salary to be determined having regard to exper. & quals. 44-hr wk, including evening & week-end work. One full day p.wk. free. Established. Prescribed conditions. Application forms & further particulars from Borough Education Officer, 69 The Green, Twickenham, Middlesex, returnable by 14 May (Quote X.381 NSN). Canvassing disqualifies.

THE YMCA has vacancies for full-time Secretaries, Physical Directors and Wardens of Centres for HM Forces. First essentials – sense of Christian vocation, good general education, organising ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Appointments suitable for men 21 to 30 years. Selected candidates will receive suitable training before appointment. For further information write to Personnel Sec., National Council of YMCAs, 112 Great Russell Street, London, WC1.

PERSONAL Assistant to owner of retail business of good standing. Good English typing and figure work essential. Congenial position for capable conscientious woman. State age and details of career. Box 109.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PUBLISHERS require Publicity Manager. Apply Routledge & Kegan Paul, Ltd, 68 Carter Lane, London EC4, stating age, exp.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites applications for post of Secretary of National Association of Women's Clubs. Applicants should have administrative and organising ability and a knowledge of life in the industrial parts of the country and on new housing estates. Social Science diploma or comparable qualification an asset. Starting salary £800 p.a. Applications with three references and copies of three testimonials to 26, Bedford Square, WC1 by 10 May.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications are invited for the appointment of male Clerk (resident or non-resident) at Chafford School, Romsey, Nr. Harwich, an Approved School for 90 boys. Good educational standard required, with clerical and book-keeping experience: typing essential, shorthand an advantage. 38-hour week with additional supervisory duties outside office hours, for which extra payment is made. Commencing salary according to experience rising to £560 p.a. but not less than £410 at age 22 years, less £116 if resident (single accommodation only). Payment for supervisory duties at the rate of £180 p.a. may be made for an average of not less than 15 extra hours a week. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

ABOUT 20 handicapped boys (mainly ESN) of 11-15 years, deprived of a normal home life, will be cared for during school holidays at a house near Wadebridge in North Cornwall. A small number of male teachers or students is required for periods of 2 or more weeks initially between 28 July and 19 September 1958, and subsequently for other school holidays, to supervise these boys and organise activities, excursions, etc. Rate of pay £9 2s. 2d. a week less £2 9s. 3d. for board, lodging, etc. Application forms and further particulars from Children's Officer (WDO), County Hall, SE1, returnable within 14 days of advertisement. (684)

RADIO and Electrical retail business of good standing. NW London; requires (a) TV service engineer; (b) Electrician; (c) Trainee for electrical work; able to drive. Good prospects for keen capable men. State age & details of career. Box 99.

WARDEN/Secretary (male) required for St Mark's & Hesters Way Community Centre Cheltenham, Gloucestershire. Salary £575 – £30 – £725, superannuable. Particulars and application form from Frank E. Taverner, 92 Shurdington Rd, Cheltenham.

CLUB Leaders, man and woman, required for mixed youth club with junior section in West London. Attractive premises. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Superannuation scheme. Apply with full details of experience to the Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29, Mulready Street, London, NW8.

CAPABLE female secretary required for interesting and responsible position in non-commercial Jewish organisation. Working knowledge second language an advantage. Good salary, conditions, hol. arrangements respected. Please write full details Box 168.

EDUCATED Women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, EC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TRAVELLING organiser required for well-supported National Organisation working for home, also overseas, relief. Own transport an advantage but not essential. Full or part-time London, Sheffield, Hull, S. Wales, North Midlands. Details of this worth-while work, including prospects of promotion, to suitable applicants, stating age, experience, commencing remuneration required. Box 9844.

ANTI-Vivisection Society reqs male Area Organiser. Must be active, intelligent, and sincerely opposed to animal experimentation. Apply in writing, giving full partics, to the Secretary, BUAV, 47 Whitehall, SW1.

ARCHITECT qualified, with good all-round experience. Knowledge of contemporary design, materials, construction and costs. State age, qualifications, experience and salary reqd to Personnel Manager, Granada TV Network Ltd, 36 Golden Square, W1.

PART-time tutor in chemistry or physics required for boys from abroad in London 15-18 years. Two hours weekly or more by arrangement. Up to GCE 'O' level. Box 31.

HIGH-pressure position, though low salary to start – But if you can really produce consistently good results, it's a wonderful opportunity. Qualifications: intelligence, sense of public relations, ability to write, to run a very busy office, tackle a dozen jobs virtually at once – even if sometimes it may mean very long hours. Write briefly outlining previous experience, salary sought, to Box 47.

LONDON Travel Agency requires young man or woman (21-25) as Resident Representative abroad from early May till early October. Fluent Spanish essential. State age, etc. Box 142.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80, Fetter Lane (Opposite Gamages) requires part-time shorthand typist for Student Training section. Good speeds essential. Hrs 10 a.m.-4 p.m. No Sats. Sal. £6 5s. Tel. for appointment HOL. 3456 (Ext. 104).

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superann provision. Write giving age and particulars of exper to Box 9786.

REQUIRED, resident secretary/hostess for a small International Students' Home with Club activities. Knowledge of Russian desirable. Box 106.

SHORTHAND-Typist with speeds not less than 120/16 required for travel agents' office near Baker Street Station. Applicant must have good knowledge of German as duties will include some translations. Full details of past experience to Box 135.

SECRETARY/Assistant to the Accountant. Secretarial duties and book-keeping. Scale salary commencing £450/£500 per annum. Particulars and application form from Youth Hostels Association, Trevelyan House, St Albans, Herts.

MARKET Research in London Area. Experienced Woman Interviewer (22-45) wanted. Must be fit, conscientious, intelligent. Mondays to Fridays. Interesting, long term assignment. Full personal partics to Box 155.

PERSONAL Secretary, well-trained secretary, first-rate shorthand-typist from live and recorded dictation, competent in personal relations and the organisation of work, urgently needed by Head of Specialist Management Research Department in Yorkshire. Responsibility gladly given, graduate preferred. Realistic emoluments. Box 170.

APOLLO Agency invites enquiries from employers and top-grade office staff, permanent/temporary. 18 Hanover Street, W1. MAYfair 5091.

AT Conduit St Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Daily 9-7. Sats 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

LADY Book-keeper required; 5 day week; Pension fund. Write age, experience, salary required. Managing Director, Berwick House, 139/143 Oxford Street, W1.

LITERARY Agency wants secretary/assistant six months. Write Box 87.

SECRETARY early 20's, Market Research firm. Gd. salary & prospects. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

DOMESTIC help required for some cooking and help with grown up children. Daily help kept. Good home. Highcroft, 22 Winnington Road, London, N2.

DEPLORABLE staff do get jobs, but not, we piously hope, through us. We want competent secretaries, shorthand-typists and typists for some of London's best firms' best jobs – for our own Temporary Staff, too, at Dutton's Secretarial Service, Ltd, 92 Gt Russell Street, London, WC1. MUSeum 7379.

RESIDENT cook housekeeper required at Cheshire Home for mentally handicapped children. Salary £300 p.a. plus full residential emoluments. Apply Hon. Secretary, Hawthorn Lodge, Dorchester, Dorset.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GHANA. Bachelor (39) ex RAC Cirencester & 8 years Dept of Agric., Ghana, sks return W. Africa. Any capacity. Box 82.

EXPERIENCED Lady Secretary, responsible type, pleasing personality, available May, sks. interesting post. Box 15.

MALE, 26, one passion writing, seeks any post in leading publishers. Will lick stamps if must, make tea, etc. Box 103.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM 6644.

WHITSUN AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
KNUSTON HALL

Residential Centre for Adult Education. The following VACATION COURSES are open to all who are interested.

'Historic Cathedrals and Churches and Their Associations'
Whitsuntide, Friday, 23 May to Sunday, 1 June 1958. Fee 10½ guineas for whole course, 5 guineas for Whitsun weekend, to include many expeditions.

'Discovering England'
(a) 9-19 July 1958. Fee 11 guineas
(b) 16-30 August 1958. Fee 7½ guineas each week. The fees of both courses include many expeditions.

'Painting for Pleasure in Summer'
26 July to 9 August 1958. A practical course on Painting and Modelling with tuition for beginners as well as for experienced painters. Fee 5 guineas each week.

'Your Special Interest'
9-16 August 1958. An opportunity to read, from books provided on a subject of personal choice. Fee £5.

'Autumn in the Countryside'
30 August to 6 September, 1958. Fee 7½ guineas, to include many expeditions. Programmes and further details from the Warden, Knuston Hall, Irchester, near Wellingborough. Telephone No. Rushden 2104.

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses. Summer Courses – Natural History, Modern Poetry, World Affairs, Archaeology, Writing for Radio, and Family Courses with children in Camp. Details from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

LEATHERHEAD Repertory Theatre, Surrey and Chanticleer Theatre, S. Kensington. London. Summer Drama Schools. Interesting and Stimulating courses in Acting and Production under Professional Stage Staff. Several 7-day courses July and August. One eve. course, £4 4s. and £7 7s. Syllabus: Director, Marian Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside. Wimbledon Common, SW19.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

SPECIAL OFFER

ECONOMY HOLIDAYS BY AIR

ITALY

Venice – 10 days 29 gns.
Rome – 10 days 33 gns.
Italian Cities – 15 days 49 gns.
(Venice, Florence, Rome)

August and September departures, daytime flights, comfortable hotels.

full details from:

WORLDWAYS LIMITED
39-41 James Street, London, W1
Tel.: HUNter 9749

Member of British Travel and Holidays Association.

SUMMER HOLIDAY IN MADEIRA
AT REDUCED FARES!
Air fare down by £27 return. The year's best holiday proposition and the extra miles south mean warmth and sunshine. A good opportunity to visit this beautiful sub-tropical island. Go now or at any time until mid-December. Good hotels, reasonable rates.
ITALIAN RIVIERA
The only direct route to the coast starts Saturdays from 17 May to Santa Margherita (for Rapallo, Portofino, Sestri Levante and Nervi). Let your travel agent help you or contact
AQUILA AIRWAYS
62 Brompton Rd, London, SW3. KEN. 4567

PROTRAVEL – The Travel Agency You Can Trust, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson, open until 7 p.m. on Thursday). LAN. 3101

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

TO ITALY THIS YEAR!

We still have a limited number of vacancies on our Air Charter Holidays to the Italian Riviera. Fortnightly departures from 20 June to 12 September. Costs from 43½ gns. Also vacancies on our Italian Bargain Holidays by rail to the Italian Adriatic. Costs from 27½ gns.

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KENsington 0911 & 9225

VISIT THE SOVIET UNION
Inclusive tours to
LENINGRAD & MOSCOW
18 days by sea, 65 gns.
15 days by air, 112 gns.
Send NOW for details to
CONTOURS, LTD.,
72 Newman St, London W1.
Tel. MUSeum 6463.

1958 Air Holidays Costa Brava for 39 guineas. Yugoslav Coast for 46 guineas. Southern Spain tour for 50 guineas. The Tyrol for 37 guineas All holidays include air travel and a full fortnight abroad Send p.c. for brochure. Wings Ltd, 48a Baker St. NW1. AMB. 1001.

WORK camps. Russia & East Europe. East West Bridges, 18 Tower Rd, Tadworth, Surrey. Stamp please.

SEATS cars touring Continent May-Sept. Expenses sharing. S.a.e. 46 Castlemaine Av., Sth Croydon.

RUSSIA & E. Europe. Non-profit tours. East West Bridges, 18 Tower Rd, Tadworth, Surrey. Stamp please.

P.S. '26 days Tour to Barcelona including all travel, all meals and accommodation in Barcelona and membership of the Barcelona University Summer School for 37½ gns.' This is one of the many attractive and economical arrangements described in the programme of 'Summer Schools and Musicians' Tours Abroad' obtainable from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow.

WHERE TO STAY

DEVON. Cottage-owner offers weekends to two country-lovers. All meals. Trains met Sidmouth Junction & Exeter. Box 9683.

HASTINGS. A few summer vacancies. Also permanencies at special reduced terms. Enjoy the hospitality of Harry & Bella Kaye at 'Netherwood', The Ridge. Write for illustrated brochure.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanwrst 166.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. htg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

CORNISH farm acc. Aug. booked. 2 mls. Perranporth. Crewes, Rose, Truro.

LONDON, WC1, Ambassadors Hotel. Bed and Breakfast. Single room 28s. Double room 54s. No surcharge. Nr Kings X, Euston and St. Pancras Stns. EUS. 1456.

SPRING and Summer holidays. Barricane Private Hotel adjoining three miles golden sands. Write M. Garness, Woolacombe, Devon. Telephone Woolacombe 44.

CORNWALL. Guests welc. Attrac. old hse 3 mins harb. Lawn House, Mevagissey.

DEVON. 'Fontenaye' Gsthse, Combemartin 2366. Fine Posn. Close sea. Ex. cen.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horsm. 'Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Own produce. Everything home-made. From 6 gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

NEW Forest. Beaulieu/Lymington. 8½ gns. p.w. inc. daily ride. Good horses, ponies. Extra riding, driving lessons, reas. charges. All mod. cons. Home-grown produce. Grayson Stone, Heathcote, East Boldre, Hants.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

JUSTINS, Bodiam, Sussex. Quiet holidays in country house overlooking historic Castle. Brochure. Staplecross 228. AA.

LAKES. Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

COMFORTABLE accommodation. Mod. cons. Magennis, Rock Wood, Grasmere.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts. 1st-class cuisine. Casino dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var.).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

TWO furnished rooms, kitchen and bathroom to let in Ealing. Suitable one or two people. Phone Chiswick 5518 betwen 9 and 4.

SPACIOUS furn. flat, NW6. 1- double, 1 single bedroom, lounge, bath, kitchen. Suit couple & child. Reasonable. Box 111.

CREATIVE NS types with childn offer 2 furn. rooms, ancient flat SW3, to similar family. £4.10s p.w. KEN. 3959.

COMF. bed-sitting room, separate kitchen, NW2. Business lady. SPE. 0391.

COMF. furn. single bed-sit., every fac., reduction for baby-sitting. MAI. 7912.

CHEERFUL single/dble rms, ckg facs. Perm. or temp. HAM. 4595/SW1. 2684.

SINGLE bed-sit. room in modern block, c.h.w., 3 gns, no extras. 'Phone before 8.45 a.m., MAI. 2045.

FURN. flat, Richmond. 3 rooms, tel., bath, lav. 'Phone BUShey Heath 1911.

OLD Hampstead. 3 well-fur. rms, kit'ette, bath, 3 pers. 7½ gns. HAM. 3621.

HIGHGATE Wds. Beautiful divan-room, 45s. Well-kept house. TUDor 8207.

KEW. Lge sgle b/s room. Own bathroom, gas fire, cooker, meter. Business person. £3 p.w. inc. elect. light. PRO. 6850.

HAMPSTEAD. S/c furnished flat for one. K., bath. £5. MAI. 6363 (12-2, 4-6 p.m.).

LADY to share facilities of luxury flat, Putney. Own bedroom. Box 172.

TO let June-Oct. Large flat, 3 rms, nice outlk. Hampstead. 10 gns. pw. Box 160.

SUNNY bed-sit. rm overlooking garden. Little Venice, W2. Use bathroom, const hot water, light & heat incl. £3 10s. Box 159.

LARGE furn. bed-sit. in friendly flat, c.h.w., tel., share kit. 1 min. Finchley Rd Tube. Suit lady. KIL. 0728.

WC1. Bed-sit. in c.h. flat. Use kit. 63s. p.w. no extras. Phone HOL. 6237.

EAST Finchley. 1st-floor furn. flat available to mid-July. 2 bedrms., sitting-rm., kit. and bath. 4 gns. p.w. Box 9835.

ACCOM. with partial board available. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

YOUNG man offers another share flat. 2½ gns. Opp. Belsize Park Tube. Box 88.

CONV. for Bloomsbury; contemp. furnished s/c. flat. 3 rms, k., b., tel., frig. Pleas. sit. NW5 adj. Heath, bus stop. Long let 7 gns. Free 1 June. Box 74

DBLE b/s, lge. Cooking facs, 25 mins West End. Bkfst if rqd. TUD. 3706.

THREE pleasant single furnished rooms. 50s, nr Tufnell Park Tube. GUL. 2885.

JULY, August, September. Very spacious 1 rm flat, sleeps 2, bath, kitchen, etc. 5½ gns. Finchley Road. Box 96.

COMF. furn. flatlet, large sunny sit.-rm, 2 divans, kit./din. rm, bathrm, etc. Quiet house close buses. Asian visitors welc. GLA. 5035 before 11 a.m./aft. 6 p.m.

BED and Breakfast 15s. Regents Park. AMBassador 3320.

PLEAS. b/s top-floor, quiet. Nr Zoo. Ckg facs, own phone, use bath. £2 12s. 6d. Prof. or bus. gentleman pref. GUL. 3865.

HAMPSTEAD. Comfortable single flatlet, H. & C. water, cooking facilities, service. Two minutes Primrose Hill & Regent's Pk. Suit prof. lady or gentleman. PRI. 6389.

HIGHGATE – Graduate household offer room to girl; own cooker; 50s. Box 51.

CORNISH coast chalet, sleep 4. Elec. Overlooking St Ives Bay. Box 9898.

BRACKLESHAM Bay & Hayling. 4-b. Caravan. King, 385 London Rd, Horndean.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

CO-OPERATIVE India gent. post-grad. trainee, USA ed., LU tutor, sks rm long term, pref. fam., with/no part meals. Cen. Lond./nr./Denmark Hill. Mod. rate. Box 150.

WEA Organiser, family, wish rent unfurn. cottage, S. Derbyshire. Box 84.

AMERICAN egghead (26) seeks a share in flat of contemporaries. Separate bedroom. Bayswater 0703.

INDIAN Doctor reqs furn. flatlet/lodging nr. Broad St line. Roy, HAM. 2553.

WHERE is a single flat, for Advertising Copywriter? Moderate rent. Box 9760.

REAS. accom. African Gentleman. From 19 May. NW3, 5, pref. Box 42.

TEACHER (f.) seeks small s/c flat in or near Cen. London. Mod. rent. Box 29.

UNIV. lecturer needs furn./unfurn. house or s/c flat, perm. or temp., C., N., or W. London from mid-May. Box 37.

HUMBLE weekend cottage wanted to rent within three hours London. Box 9762.

SCHOOLS

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672
CARL ROSA OPERA
Last Week. Evgs. 7, mat. Sat. 2.30

5 May	Don Giovanni
6 & 10 May, evgs.	Benvenuto Cellini
7 May	Faust
8 May	Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci
9 May	Barber of Seville
10 May (mat.)	Tales of Hoffmann

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)
THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)

5 & 6 May, 7.30 & 10 May at 2.30 & 7.30	The Sleeping Beauty
7 May, 7.30	Les Sylphides Petruska, The Lady and the Fool
8 May, 7.30	Les Sylphides Petruska, Homage to the Queen

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

9, 12 & 15 May, 7.0	Don Carlos (in Italian, new production)
14 & 16 May, 7.30	Elektra (in German)

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues./Fri. Evs 8.0. Sat. Sns. 5, 8. 'Quaint Honour.' Mems.

DUKE of Yorks. TEM. 5122. 8. S. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Joan Greenwood in Lysistrata. Last 2 wks - must end 10 May.

IRVING WHI. 8657. Non-stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30. Sn. Mems. 7th Ed.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30. St 5, 8.15. Wd. 2.30. Till 10 May. A Resounding Tinkle & The Hole. 12-17 May. Epitaph for George Dillon.

TH. Royal E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. 'The Respectful Prostitute.'

TOWER. 7.30. 2, 3 May only Carroll's comedy 'Shadow & Substance'. 9, 10 (Mems. 11), 15, 16, 17 May, O'Neill's drama 'Anna Christie'. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6). Canonbury Place, London, N1.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. 'The Ganze Macher' (His Friend at Court), Israeli comedy (in English). Thurs. to Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

HAMPSTEAD Parish Church, Church Row, NW3. Sat. 10 May at 8 p.m. Hampstead Choral Society. Mass in B Minor (Bach). Margaret Fraser, Pamela Bowden, Kenneth Bowen, Roger Stalman. Ralph Downes (organ). Barbara Hill (harpsichord). Goldsbrough Orchestra. Leader: Emanuel Hurwitz. Conductor: Martindale Sidwell. Entrance by programme 5s. at the Church on evg of performance.

FINE Arts Quartet with Reginald Kell (clarinet). Four concerts at 5.55 p.m. 14 May: Quartet No. 5, Bartok; Clarinet Quintet K.581, Mozart. 16 May Quartets Op. 18, No. 4 and Op. 59, No. 3, Beethoven. 19 May: Quartets Op. 95 & Op. 130, Beethoven. 21 May: Quartet No. 4, Bartok; Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115, Brahms. Tickets 4s. (incl. prog.), Royal Festival Hall, WATerloo 3191.

GUITAR Recital, 16th, 19th Cent.; Program. J. Roberts 14 St Marks Cres, NW1.

EDITH Vogel Pianoforte Recital. Friday, 9 May, at 7.30, Wigmore Hall. 'Hammerklavier' Sonata, Beethoven, Fantasie in C, Op. 17, Schumann, Paganini Variations, Books 1 and 11, Brahms. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s. at Hall (WEL. 2141) and Agents.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning shows dly 11 a.m. (ex. Suns & 6 May). Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 4 May: 'Lust for Life' (A). From 5 May: 'A Man is Ten Feet Tall' (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre – Sun., 4 May, 8.30 p.m. Fernandel – 'An Artist with Ladies' (X cert.).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 4 May, Robert Mitchum, Frank Sinatra, Not as a Stranger. A. Journey Into Spring. Technicolor. U.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Ekud Eight playing Mainstream and Modern Jazz for dancing. Today, 3 May, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

CEN. Lon. Fabian Soc. Dance this Sat., 3 May. Further details from Sun. 2115.

EXHIBITIONS

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Kemeny reliefs; Max Chapman pigs.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Robert Colquhoun: retrospective 1940-58. Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. Free. Adjoins Aldgate East stn.

WADDINGTON Galleries. House Exhibition (20th century paintings, drawings and sculptures. Daily 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED colour-collotype reproductions, nearly 100 subjects, old and modern masters, from 14s. 3d. inc. tax. Illus. Catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

PASTERNAK Leonid, Memorial exhibition, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, closes Sunday 11 May. Open daily 10-4, Sun. 2-4, closed Wed. & Fri. morning during lectures.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St. Paintings from Provence. 10 to 5.30, Sat. 10 to 1.

TURNER House, Penarth, S6 Group. 2nd Exhib. 29 April-1 June. Closed Mons.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. free.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. 18th Century Paintings & Sculpture from Italy, France and Germany.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. French pictures of the 19th & 20th Century. Bonnard, Boudin, Degas, Derain, Hayden, Maillol, Modigliani, Picasso, Redon, Rouault, Vuillard. Closing 10 May.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. Douglas Everett. Until 18 May.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Monotypes by Edgar Degas. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Asger Jorn: Paintings 1938-1958. Till 31 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free. Library: Collages by Tryggvadottir, till 10 May.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Citron, Morris, Jadot, till 17 May. Daily 10-7 except Sundays.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. La Creation de L'Oeuvre Chez Paul Signac. 234 paintings, watercolours, drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

JOSEPH Wright of Derby 1734-1797. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 May. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Graham Sutherland; Rodrigo Moynihan; Norman Alexander and lithographs by Raoul Dufy. Dly 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 24 May.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES AND LEFT REVIEW CLUB
'THE MASS PERSUADERS - THE PRESS IN CONTEMPORARY BRITAIN'
RAYMOND WILLIAMS, R. H. S. CROSSMAN.
Monday, 5 May, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
Shaftesbury Hotel Monmouth St, WC2 (off Cambridge Circus). Beer - Spirits - Coffee. Adm. 2s. Mems 1s.

ULR INTERNATIONAL FORUM
'YUGOSLAVIA.'
VICTOR ZORZA introducing a correspondence from 'Belgrade POLITIKA'.
Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq., W1 (first floor), Thurs. 8 May, 1.15.

LONDON SCHOOLS LEFT CLUB
OPENING DISCUSSION
MICHAEL FOOT
'What is socialism?'
Friday, 9 May, 5.15-7 p.m., first floor, Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, Soho Square, W.1 (Tube: Tott. Ct Rd). Adm. 9d (members free).
For details, write to Laurence Orbach, 76 Eton Hall, NW3

CHRISTIAN ACTION
meeting for the
BISHOP OF JOHANNESBURG,
Central Hall, Westminster,
Monday, 16 June, 7.30 p.m.
The Bishop (over here for the Lambeth Conference) will give an up-to-date report on the racial situation in South Africa, with special reference to the Treason Trial.
Tickets (1s. unreserved, 2s. 6d. reserved) from The Secretary, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4. Tel. CITy 6869.

THE Art Workers Guild invite you to an open meeting at 6 Queen Square, WC1. Wed., 14 May, 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m. when Mark Batten, PRBS, will speak on 'The Case For Direct Carving'. Apply early for free tkt. Mrs Nelson, 15 Cranley Gdns, SW7. Capacity limited. Refreshments, Discn.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

H TALK. Acland tonight Fri., 7.45, Sir Walter St Johns Sch., Battersea High St.

'THE Class Struggle and May Day' Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bdge Rd, Victoria. Sunday 4 May, 7.30. Speakers: E. Wilmott, L. Bryan. Questions and Discussion. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Arthur Livran, 'Israel after 10 Years'. Wed. 7 May, 7.30, at 57 Dean Street, W1. Visitors 2s.

TENTH Anniversary State of Israel. Any Questions? Brains Trust. Panel: Mrs Lena Jeger, MP; Anthony Greenwood, MP; Ian Mikardo, MP; Dr S Levenberg, Member Soc. International. Question Master: Sidney Goldberg, Royal Hotel, Southampton Row, WC1. Monday, 5 May, 8.15 p.m. Arranged by Labour Friends of Israel. Nearest Tube: Russell Square. Buses: 68, 77, 196. All welcome. Admission free.

WORLD Jewish Congress - British Section Jewish Forum, Monday, 5 May 1958, at 8 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1, 'The Meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls': J. M. Allegro, Dr David Diringer. Chair: Mr Henry Shaw. Questions & discussion.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. N. F. Dixon: Perceptual Deviation. Chairman: Dr Peter Glow. Tuesday, 6 May, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Some Aspects of Virginia Woolf's Imagery' will be delivered by Professor Irène Simon (Liège) at 5.30 p.m. on 8 May at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

'KEEPING Fit in London', Anne Cornock-Taylor, Chas. Neil, Morris Muirhead; Q-Master: Cmdr. A. B. Campbell, R.D., Thurs. 8 May, 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 9 May, 8.30 p.m. Jagat Guru Shankaracharya 'Metaphysics'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welc.

'MUSIC to be angry about', illustrated lecture by Martyn Goff, Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth Street, WC2, 8 p.m. Tues. 6 May. ORT Aid Group Members 4s. Visitors 5s. inc. refreshments.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 2 May, 8 p.m. Bishop Antony Bloom: 'Missions of the Russian Orthodox Church'. Fri. 9 May, 8 p.m. David Magarshak: 'Dramatist versus Producer in the Soviet Theatre'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Tues. 6 May, 8 p.m. Prof. V. N. Ilyine: 'The Conflict between Morality and Charity in the Russian Soul' (in Russian).

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 10 May at 6 p.m. Mr B. M. Govett: 'Royal Heraldry in England'.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs. 8 May, 6.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Yoga of Wisdom'. All welcome. Vedanta Magazine 2s. 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 4 May, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m.: H. J. Blackham: 'The Biggest Thing in History'.

WHITE Lotus Day Meeting, Sun., 4 May, 8 p.m. H. P. Blavatsky Commemoration. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

CHRISTIANITY and Commerce. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. 11 a.m. Sun. 4 May. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Write for free 'Record'.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Meeting to Celebrate Wesak (commemorating the Buddha's Enlightenment), Caxton Hall, SW1, Tues. 6 May, 7.30. Eastern and Western representatives of the Buddhist Sangha will be present & speakers will include Alan Watts, author of 'The Way of Zen'. Chair: Christmas Humphreys. An interesting and colourful occasion. Gifts of flowers will be welcomed, and Eastern visitors are asked to wear national costume. Bring your friends. Inf.: 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. TAT. 1313.

'YOGA for the West'. Talk by Sri Nandi, 3 p.m. Sunday 4 May. The Yoga Centre, 2 Glenloch Road, NW3.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing - Lechetizky Method - Tanya Polunin LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd., London, W11.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

CHINA - Socialism and Human Relations. Weekend School. Sat.-Sun., 31 May-1 June. Treetops, Surrey. Mr A. T. D'Eye, lecturer visited China: 'Econ. & Pol. Changes Resulting from First Five-Year Plan'. Mr. & Mrs D. Crook, ten years in China, on leave from Inst. of Foreign Languages, Peking: 'Changing Human Relations'. For particulars write to Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 22B Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'External Versus Internal Factors in the Development of Language' will be delivered by Professor A. Sommerfelt (Oslo) at 5.30 p.m. on 5 and 6 May at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

THE first training school in England of Dr Mensendieck's system of preventive, remedial physiotherapy will be opened later this year. Women (under 45) who wish to qualify to earn a good living by doing creative work are invited to write or phone Mrs Nyemann, 11 Connaught Square, W2. PADdington 0375, Monday-Wednesday, for full information and interview. It is hoped that evening classes can be arranged.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

THE Modern Method for High Grade Secretarial Work and Verbatim Reporting is Stenotyping (Machine 'shorthand'). Quick and easy to learn. Used increasingly by business concerns and official bodies at home and abroad. Suitable for foreign languages. Call for demonstration or write for prospectus. Palantype College, 229, High Holborn, WC1. HOLborn 5104.

MOVEMENT & Rhythm: Ways of Integration. Crses start May. Partics. Lilian Harmel Studio, 37 Ferncroft Ave, NW3.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Tuition in Painting and Drawing. Miss Mary Law, exhibitor at the RA and Paris Salon, has a few vacancies. Beginners welc. WIL. 6025.

ST. JAMES School of Secretaries & Languages, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive 3-6-9 month Secretarial Training. Earn While You Learn scheme. Also English for Foreign Students and Conversation Courses in French, German, Italian & Spanish. Indiv. attent. Remarkable results.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners' crse, all ages. Brochure. Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn St, WC2. COV. 0754.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng. classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda HAM. 7322.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

PROPERTIES TO LET

RICHMOND. S/c. well-furn. 5-rmd maisonette. Tel. 18 mins Waterloo. 3 or 4 adults. 9 gns. RIC. 5593.

THREE-bedrm, furn. maisonette on 2 flrs, Kit. with frig., hot water. Central. Sleep 5. 19-year lease. Rent £275 excl. Contents £750 or nr offer. Box 92.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SOUTH Dorset, Nr sea. Wooden bungalow, 4 rms, kit., bathrm, 12 acres, £3,000. Heathcote, Tadnol Rd, Owermoigne.

CORNWALL - St Ives. Freehold detached granite house. 8 rooms. Mod. cons. 1/3 acre garden. £3,750. Box 48.

MODERNISED Terrace Cottage, Forest Row, 2 liv., 3 bedr., bath, cen. heating all rooms; nr shops, station, forest. £1,650 freehold. S.a.e. to Box 9776.

4-BEDROOM, pleasant, small house facing common (gorse, heather). Hour Waterloo. £3,300 o.n.o. Tel. Yateley 3213.

FREEHOLD charm. 17th-Cent. Cottage ideally sit. Berkshire Hills easy reach Reading & Newbury. 3 gd bedrms, lge lnge, kit., bathr., etc. Garage & coalshed. Main el. & water. Tel. Approx. ½-acre lovely gdn. Shrubs, flower beds, lawns, veg. and fruit trees. £3,500 or near offer. Box 93.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s; Australia, New Zealand, Japan 140s.
By air express to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa, India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

SUMMER SCHOOLS—*See page 583*

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenæum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Application for second-class matter pending at the Post Office, New York. Printed in Great Britain for the Publisher weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d, Canada 1d.